

THE HOLY NAME JOURNAL

The only official publication of the HOLY NAME SOCIETY in the United States

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XLII, No. 6

Asides

Since you are sure to like the pictures in our center spread story of the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor, we want to tell you they came to us through the kindness of Sister M. Virgine, O.P., an editor in her own right (*The Sick Poor*, a monthly magazine) and a sister who from her own experience knows nursing and the care of the afflicted. Sister M. Virgine is stationed in Ossining, N. Y.

"Pilgrims Of The Martyrs' Way," by GEORGE HARTLEY, an Englishman, is an article which speaks to men of manly faith. We wonder if, somewhere in America, men of the Holy Name might get some ideas from this pilgrimage story.

And, coming near Independence Day as we are, we think you will like the very interesting "Signers Of The Declaration Of Independence," by JEWELL CASEY, and also the story of a real Catholic patriot in "Jurist Of The Old South," by JOSEPH LYDON.

SUMMER NOTE: We wish to remind our subscribers that the HOLY NAME JOURNAL is not published during July and August.

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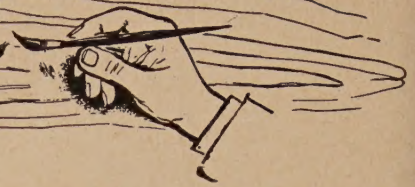
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Editorial Page



Corpus Christi and The Holy Name

Every human society possesses identifying features which distinguishes its members from those of other societies in the world. The society which is of primary interest to readers of this magazine is the Holy Name Society, of course, and it has clearly defined characteristics. One of the distinguishing marks which differentiates a member of the Holy Name Society from members of other societies composed of fellow-Catholics is the voluntary obligation he assumes of receiving Holy Communion at least once a month, usually as an integral part of the parochial body on the second Sunday of each month. We are a distinctly Eucharistic group, so it is natural that for all Holy Name men the Feast of Corpus Christi, June 12, is of special importance.

Our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist at the Last Supper on Maundy Thursday, as the liturgy of that day explicitly indicates. However, the institution of the Eucharist, the principal event of Holy Thursday, is lost sight of by some good Catholics because of the many diverse liturgical ceremonies on that day. The lack of a festive celebration for the institution of the Great Sacrament results from our feeling Holy Thursday to be a day of sorrow rather than one of joy, since it is a prelude to Christ's Passion. Unfortunately, the day which should be celebrated with unmatched joyous festivities, the birthday of the Sacrament of Love, is not celebrated with what would be classed as proper impressiveness.

THE FEAST of Corpus Christi, the day on which the institution of the Sacrament most holy is happily and explicitly celebrated, is solemnized by the Church on this coming Thursday, after Trinity Sunday. The feast first came into prominence in 1246, when Bishop Robert de Thorete of Liege, following the custom of his time, informed the diocesan synod he was establishing a special feast to commemorate the institution of the

Holy Eucharist. The Bishop's action was taken in response to the burning devotion of St. Juliana of Mont Cornillon for the Eucharist. In 1264, when the former Archdeacon of Liege occupied the Throne of Peter as Pope Urban IV, the Feast of Corpus Christi, the "Body of Christ," was extended to the entire Church.

When the importance of the Holy Eucharist is considered, it is small wonder that a specific feastday was set aside for the joyful commemoration of the origin of this Blessed Sacrament. Any Holy Name man who thoughtfully ponders the Church can see its different doctrines revolving around the central doctrine which is the Eucharist in the same manner as the spokes of a wheel revolve around its axis. The mysteries of the Church are illuminated, as it were, by this same Holy Eucharist. Indeed, even the varied devotions direct the attentions of the faithful to the source of all devotion. From every facet of activity the Holy Eucharist, the Sacrament of Love instituted by Jesus Christ to give His followers food necessary for their spiritual life, is the center of the Catholic religion.

THE FERVENT reception of the life-giving food of Holy Communion is a pledge of eternal salvation. Christ Himself informed men, "He who eats My flesh and drinks My blood has life everlasting and I will raise him up on the last day. . . . He who eats My flesh, and drinks My blood, abides in Me and I in him." As members of the Society honoring the Name of Him Whom we receive on our monthly Communion Sunday, Holy Name men have ample proof of the efficaciousness of Holy Communion. We realize the monthly reception of Holy Communion is a certain means of preserving and increasing the supernatural life within us, for it will unite us to Christ. The One received in Holy Communion is an unquenchable fountain of the grace needed so badly in these trying days of discouragement and indifference.

"THINGS THAT ARE TO THY PEACE"

by James C. Osbourn, O.P.

Sue for peace in the court of Penance
and you cannot lose your case.

MOST of the mental torture and heartaches plaguing the modern world would vanish over night, if men would be convinced that the Sacrament of Penance holds top priorities among the Church's means of conferring "the things that are to (their) peace." But Penance, like all of the peace of Christ, is not universally appreciated today, and though Christ holds out peace to men, men do not enjoy peace.

Our Lord, on the same day that He arose from the dead, appeared to His Apostles. Entering through locked doors into the room where they were hiding from the Jews, He stood in their midst and said: "Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you. Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (John, 20/19-23). There you have, simply and essentially, the whole setting and context in which the Sacrament of Penance was instituted by the Son of God.

To insist that this Gospel episode and these words of Our Lord were momentous for the future of the Church would be to labor the obvious. From that day to this and even till the end of time, as often as a validly qualified candidate for the priesthood of Jesus Christ stands before a bishop tracing his line of succession validly back to the original Apostles, those self-same words of Our Lord, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive . . ." etc., are heard again. They are formal to the ceremony and Sacrament of Orders. They carry along with them the power

of binding and loosing sins and transmit that power to the ordained priest. At that moment he receives the power of absolving which he later exercises in the Sacrament of Penance, applying the power to the needs of the penitent by the mere words of absolution, "I absolve thee from thy sins. . ." It is Christ's answer, and the answer of the Church, to man's problem of sin.

BUT WE MUST never lose sight of the other side of the Sacrament of Penance. This is the penitent's side, his dispositions of soul which are necessary to the proper and fruitful exercise of the power of forgiving. Our Lord did not forget this side of the Sacrament; neither should we. He had already promised the power of forgiving to the Apostles long before Resurrection Day. One day He was saying how they should treat sinners and then He added: ". . . whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven." The tremendous scope of the promise seemed to raise a doubt in the mind of St. Peter. He said, "Lord, how often shall my brother offend against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" Jesus saith to him: "I say not to thee, till seven times; but till seventy times seven times" (Matth. 18/14-22). Again He solemnly enjoined, "Take heed to yourselves. If thy brother sin against thee, reprove him: and if he do penance, forgive him. And if he sin against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day be converted unto thee, saying, I repent: forgive him"

(Luke, 17/3-4). From this we are given to understand that there is no limit to the number of times we may avail ourselves of the benefit of the Sacrament, so long as we are repentant.

Thus it is obvious, the two elements, the power to forgive on the part of the priest and repentance on the part of the sinner must go together. Otherwise, there can be no true Sacrament actually verified in reality. We could say the two elements go together like pork and beans. Only this homely example, besides running the risk of irreverence, also leaves too much to be said about the relationship between them. Pork and beans, separately, could still serve the purpose of nourishing and repairing body tissue admirably. But these two elements of the Sacrament of Penance cannot achieve the aims of the Sacrament unless they are conjoined.

So it is better to say absolution and repentance are correlatives like lock and key. And note that either lock or key is useless without the other. Also, besides the mutual relationship of dependence between them, there is a very definite subordination of one to the other. The key is for the sake of the lock and not *vice versa*. Locksmiths make locks to safeguard property, but keys to turn the locks. Similarly, Our Lord gave priests the power of absolution for the sake of loosing the bonds of sins and opening the doors of souls to the light and sunshine of His divine grace. And this is the proper and immediate ordering of the two elements of the Sacrament as intended by God.

These points being made explicit, it

becomes easier to see the meaning in back of each detailed piece in the general pattern of Our Lord's appearance to the Apostles the day He instituted the Sacrament of Penance. The Son of God would not be the one to indulge in useless details and meaningless circumstances. Hence, we may say the fear of the Apostles that day is symbolic of the initial fear required in all penitents as a first step in the movement away from sin back towards God. Similarly, Christ's entrance through locked doors may signify the power of absolving and the dissolution of the iron shackles of sin. And His emphasis upon the notion of peace could suggest the general effect of the Sacrament of Penance. His words "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send

you" and the words "Receive ye the Holy Ghost" might serve as a reminder to the Apostles and their successors that they are only instruments and not principal agents in the dispensation of the power of absolution. Finally, it is sure that the words "Whose sins you shall forgive . . ." etc. did then and do now determine the divine power of absolving received by priests for absolving repentant sinners.

WE HAVE INSISTED at some length that Our Lord's explicit words as well as the whole context of the institution of the Sacrament of Penance require the power of absolution and the repentance of sinners to be exercised conjointly. But for

purposes of analysis we can and must consider the two elements separately. The simple reason for this is that our minds are incapable of considering two things at one and the same time.

First, then, it is well to give some special account of the power of absolving. And the thing that strikes one most forcefully here is the tremendous range and penetration of that almighty power. Never before nor since in the history of mankind were mere human words and signs called upon to carry such weight of divine retribution. We have read in fairy tales, like "The Arabian Nights," how a great ponderous stone door rolled away from the mouth of a cave under the sheer magic of a simple password. We have also seen in the Old Testament how the massive walls of Jericho crumbled and fell at the mere blast of a few trumpets. We know the Arabian Nights episode is only fiction. But even in fiction these engaging spinners of yarns, with all their so-called prerogatives of creative genius, could never have dreamed of such a fantastic thing, unless somewhere, somehow, it had at least a semblance of verification in fact. And whether we are to take the Old Testament story literally or not, still its marvels pale to insignificance when pitted against the wonders that take place in the souls of men under the power of the absolving words of Penance. Here is a factual verification of what the great story tellers faintly dreamed about.

The words of the Sacraments of the New Law carry along in the folds of their accents and cadence the redemptive might of Jesus. They literally do exactly what they signify. They signify the light and warmth of divine grace, each of which they confer upon repentant and eager souls. For, when pronounced in proper sacramental context, the words become a prolongation of the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ being applied to the souls of those who receive them.

To highlight this marvelous power a little more, we need only recall the statement of St. Thomas Aquinas which has become the official teaching of the Church. The justification of a sinner, he

Conscience of a Holy Name Man

"Am I a good Holy Name member?" The average Holy Name man will readily answer yes. But ARE you a good Holy Name man? First of all, are you a GOOD practical Catholic? Do you attend Holy Mass as often as possible, and receive Holy Communion as often as possible, especially on Holy Name Sunday? Do you respect your fellow men, and treat them as you should, or do you live in your own little world with only yourself and your family?

Do you attend each Holy Name meeting, and take an active part in what is brought up at the meetings? Do you voice your opinions when you think something is wrong or is right? Or do you just sit there and say nothing, and after a motion is passed privately voice your opinion as to whether it was right or wrong? Do you offer to help on committees or just sit back and say to yourself, "Let the other fellow do it?" Do you bring suggestions to the meetings for the betterment of the Holy Name Society?

Do you try to bring to the Communions and meetings some of the more or less inactive members who would rather sit and watch a television program, or are you content with just being there yourself, not caring how many others are gaining the benefits of the Society? Are you thrilled to see a large attendance at the Communion rail on Holy Name Sunday?

You are a good Holy Name man if you appreciate the worth of your holy Confraternity, if you avail yourself of its spiritual advantages and help bring those blessings to your neighbors and friends.

—Ed Wuelfing

St. Elizabeth's H.N.S.
Oakland, California

says, is a greater work than the creation of the whole natural universe, not as to the manner of production, since creation is a production from nothing, but precisely as to what is done. The reason for his statement is that the most infinitesimally small degree of grace is more precious than the entire natural universe put together. The sheer magnitude of such an appraisal begins to dawn on us when we consider that creation includes every angelic nature of the nine choirs, every immortal soul of purely natural men, all brute, plant and mineral nature with the marvelous variety and harmony thereof, the mountains, rivers and forests, the sun, moon and stars of the firmament. All these are weighed in the balance against the smallest degree of sanctifying grace and pronounced insignificant by comparison. That, then, is the display of divine power found in the Sacrament of Penance. For justification of the sinner, that is, remission of sin and restoration or increase of sanctifying grace, follows infallibly upon each valid administration of the Sacrament.

The thought of such power being harnessed to the words of mortal man all but staggers the mind and leaves us prostrate with a paralysis of fear. In fact, unenlightened and hypocritical men of all ages since its institution frequently hit upon this very point as an excuse for neglecting the use of the Sacrament of Penance. It is a thing too mighty and lofty for me, they will say, who am so unworthy. And their argument would be convincing, but for one single fact.

This fact is that God is not a monster. God never exercises His naked power alone upon any creature. This would be contradictory to His wisdom. His power as touching creatures is always tempered, softened, as it were, and sweetened by His infinite mercy. Even the divine power which binds the demons and damned souls in hell, says St. Thomas, is also tempered by His mercy. For none of them receive the share of punishment he really deserves. Sts. Thomas and Augustine also teach that God could not permit any evil to befall the universe, were it not for the greater good which He draws from it. Certainly, our sins

are evils which have been permitted by God. What is the greater good, we may ask, to be drawn from them? The answer is as simple as the catechism.

GOD PERMITS the occurrence of our sins and even uses them as instruments to show forth His boundless mercy. Were it not for sin, the divine attribute of mercy might remain hidden and without a due measure of external glory. With man permitted to sink to his lowest depths of misery through sin, mercy, being by nature the greatest of all those virtues ordered to the needs of neighbor and being also greater in proportion to its stooping down from the higher to the lower's miseries, is then indeed, as Shakespeare said and St. Thomas long before him, "the mightiest in the mightiest." And if we ask ourselves honestly *What is it God wants me to learn from sin?* the answer will not be "To give up in despair and start kicking myself farther into the rut of despondency." That would be the devil's wish. God's lesson will always be one of greatest appreciation for and reliance upon His divine mercy, which is also the primary motive of supernatural hope and a sure antidote to despair. Were it not for God's mercy tempering the divine justice and power, none of us could ever hope reasonably for eternal salvation. And one of the handiest levers ever devised by God for tempering the application of His justice and power to the miseries of men is the Sacrament of Penance.

Certainly our Lord left sufficient precedent in this matter. Consider how He dealt with Judas, the traitor. From the very start He knew well this man would betray Him. Yet there is never a word or gesture recorded that could be interpreted as wearing the sharp edge of naked power or justice or smacks of bringing the traitor to book. Even that night at the Last Supper, He did not single Judas out, saying, "See here Judas, you are the man that will betray Me." No, His eyes veiled in sadness, His words rather invitations to fall with repentance even then upon the boundless mercy of God, He hid the identity of

the traitor by simply saying, "One of you is about to betray Me." The story of the woman taken in adultery serves as another example. To her accusers, Jesus said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone . . ."; and to her, after they had gone: "Neither will I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more" (John 8/7-11). Finally, in the case of Mary Magdalen, He not only highlighted the tender qualities of mercy, He made the entire episode an object lesson for the future by the solemn injunction to His Apostles: "Amen I say to you, whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the world, that also which she has done, shall be told for a memory of her" (Matth. 26/13).

IT IS OPPORTUNE to turn now to the penitent's side of confession. And the first thing that interests God's minister from this angle is an accurate and integral confession of sins. The priest sits there at the tribunal of mercy in the capacity of father, judge and physician. A father cannot give suitable corrections, a judge cannot pass just sentence, a physician cannot prescribe adequate medicines unless he knows the case. The case must come from the penitent. To bring these three functions of the priest to a proper focus on the malady of the penitent, it is sufficient and necessary for the sinner to confess all his sins, since his last worthy confession, both as to their number as well as to their kind. This being done with sincere repentance, then and there the words of absolution are applied and the Sacrament of Penance becomes an accomplished fact.

When you go to a medical doctor seeking physical health or aid, the first thing you have to do is strip off your clothes and expose your body to him. This is usually embarrassing. But if you are in pain, you'll disrobe all right, and submit to other experiences even more embarrassing just for the sake of bodily health. Well, the priest is a physician of the soul and the penitent must strip off, figuratively speaking, before him. That is, the penitent must pull away the

(Continued on page 35.)

The Poor Are the Wounds of Christ

V. F. Kienberger, O.P.

EVERY Holy Name member realizes that the image of God is in the soul of the poor man and in the soul of the rich man. The Catechism clearly states that this image is chiefly in the soul. The poor man is especially the image of the Blessed Christ, Whose every circumstance of life was overshadowed by holy poverty. His birth in a dug-out in the Judean chalkhills; His mother, the humble virgin Mary wearing the raiment of the poor; His foster-father, the lowly Joseph, carpenter of Nazareth—all these proclaimed this Child of the Most High as wedded to poverty.

He walked the lanes of the poor as He trod the earth; yet He did not disdain the rich, for He was come to save all men. His home-spun, seamless robe, His simple language, His lowly bearing, His joyous acceptance in sharing with the poor their frugal meal and hard pallet showed how close they were to His Sacred Heart. His delights were to be with the poor children of men.

Both the Pharisee and Sadducee loathed poverty. Dressed in resplendent robes befitting men of high estate, they strutted among their lowly brethren and associated poverty with lack of thrift or with sin.

The law prescribed for the season of vintage, of gathering the olives and the harvest, that the grapes and olives which resisted the first picking and the ears of grain that grew in the corners and edges of the field were to be left for the poor

and the strangers. How kind was God to the poor of Israel! "When thou hast reaped the corn in thy field, and hast forgot and left a sheaf, thou shalt not return to take it away: but thou shalt suffer the stranger, and the fatherless and the widow to take it away, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the works of thy hands. Remember that thou also was a bondsman in Egypt: and therefore I command thee to do this thing" (Deut. 24:19-22). But many of Israel's men of renown forgot the Voice of God. They believed that all the "days of the poor are evil" (Prov. 14:20). They shut their ears to the curse of God upon the oppressors of the poor: "He that offereth sacrifice of the goods of the poor, is as one that sacrificeth the son in the presence of his father. The bread of the needy, is the life of the poor; he that defraudeth them thereof, is a man of blood."

The poor flocked to the Master as He came upon them in their cities and villages and farm-sites. He had a kindly word for every person. Even when they crowded about Him and left Him no room to proceed and little space in which to breathe, He smiled away the inconvenience and the discomfort. The poor of the Blessed Christ's times had a long memory. The last sign which followed the greatest miracle according to human minds, that of raising the dead to life, was the holy boast, "And the poor have the Gospel preached to

them" (St. Luke 7:22). At long last God had visited His people. And he had raised up the needy and "Scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart" (St. Luke 1:51). Moreover, He had proclaimed a new commandment, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God" (St. Luke 6:20).

The badge of entrance into this Kingdom is poverty of spirit. To be poor only in material things does not make one an heir of this Kingdom, just as the mere accident of being rich does not deter a person from entering the heavenly abiding place. The Master has given an ultimatum, "Everyone of you that doth not renounce all that he possesseth cannot be my disciple" (St. Luke 13:33). Self-renunciation is the open sesame to the heart of the Redeemer and to a secure place in His Kingdom. The covetous Pharisees derided the Master whenever He attempted to point out the way to the Father's many mansions. He scolded them because they always justified themselves. He preached a special parable for their benefit. A certain rich man clothed in purple and fine linen, feasted sumptuously each day. At the rich man's gate sat a beggar named Lazarus, full of sores, desiring only the crumbs of the rich man's table. No one offered the impoverished man a single crumb. The Master added that the dogs came and licked the sores, as if to stress the opinion that animals bereft of reason, have an instinct for compassion. Later the beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died and was buried in hell. The latter in torments beheld his father in God, Abraham, and Lazarus in his bosom. The rich man cried for mercy. It was denied. He then sought help for his five brothers, lest they be condemned after their years of sumptuous living. This plea also was denied. Finally the condemned man turned beggar himself and asked Abraham, "If one went to them from the dead, they will do penance." And he said to him, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe, if one rises from the dead" (St. Luke 16:31).

The Church of Beauty

by E. J. Keegan

**The Bride of Christ, Holy Mother Church, stands
unblemished in heavenly truth and beauty.**

TRUTH is beauty, and that which has all truth is beautiful.

The Catholic Church has all truth and only in her, on earth, is there complete unblemished beauty. Evil men may seek to tarnish her loveliness by pelting her with filth and mire. They may even succeed in temporarily diminishing her luster that is the gift of God, but they can never destroy the inner beauty, which is not born for an hour but for eternity. "Her beauty makes this vault a feasting presence full of light."

"Beauty seen is never lost" and there is music in her beauty, for there is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion. Outside the Church there is only discord, disorder, and disproportion, beauty having departed, to leave only the fleshless skeleton of once proud contenders for the crown. "The beautiful seems right by force of beauty and the feeble wrong because of weakness," and the Catholic Church is "beauty's ensign yet," for only in her is the truth that is right by force. "She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies."

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover and we who are her lovers can never be deceived by a seeming blotch on her fair countenance. We know that either she is all beautiful or we are all blind. There are times when her beauty seems to be obscured. Wicked men throw a blanket over her to try and extinguish the spark of her beauty's heavenly ray, but the spark is unquenchable,

struck as it is from the beauty of God. The Heavenly Lover will not allow His bride to be obscured, however much her enemies may seek to put her away.

HERS IS the beauty that never fades. For her the diamond dawns are set in rings of beauty. We who are the squires of her Knightly Spouse have fought and will fight to protect His Lady. When the Emperor and his legions brought all the might of their forces to crush the flower of surpassing beauty and the bloom of youth, she blushed unseen in the darkness of the catacombs. But unseen only to the enemy. Her admirers cherished and cultivated her in secret. Against the chill winds of persecution, the frosts of hostility, and the storms of prejudice and ignorance, they formed a solid phalanx of opposition, determined at all costs to preserve the treasure of her beauty. They deemed it an honor to die for beauty, than live for bread.

Later, when the heresiarchs in paroxysms of jealousy against her beauty did their utmost to destroy her, the Catholic Church, still serene and unruffled, stood firm as the rock upon which she was founded. "Like a lovely lady garmented in light from her own beauty," she waited in regal dignity for the rage and hatred to subside. Calmly, "in full blown flower of glorious beauty," she presented a pulchritude that shamed the painted and bedizened faces of the pretenders who sought to

deceive their admirers with false facades of beauty. But time withered their masks. The paint and the tinsel cracked and disintegrated, revealing their real and loathsome faces, tinged with the pallor of death. They vanished, each in their turn, like discarded courtesans, but she, in her pure and pristine elegance remained the "land of heart's desire, where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood."

Proud emperors and kings rose against her in their wrath. They, also, aspired to mar her lovely countenance, to scratch and tear at the perfection of her lineaments, but the hand of the Eternal Bridegroom was there to protect her.

BUT NO SOONER is one enemy vanquished than another appears. The spawn of Satan is prolific. The emperors and heresiarchs of the Church's early years did not die without issue. Greater evils were to come. Greater, for there is no enemy so despicable as a false friend, no adversary so dangerous as he within the gates of the citadel. Corruption reared its head at the very center of Catholicism. Worldly ecclesiastics, false brethren and unworthy Popes treacherously combined to dim the beauty of the Bride of Christ. To the world at large it seemed as though at last her glory was on the wane and that in the way of all flesh her decay had set in. Men prophesied her eclipse. They prognosticated her

ruin. They thought they saw the lines of age showing on her peerless countenance, the shadow of death in her eyes. But they were deceived. They were merely looking through an ugly veil held up by her unworthy children, obfuscating the glorious inner beauty which her Bridegroom promised would never be ravaged. The onlookers judged by the flesh, but she is not of the flesh. They looked upon her as a natural entity which could not resist the baleful effects of the poison in her system. But again they were confounded.

AFTER the rulers, heresiarchs, and false brethren, marched the Modernists. Once for all they were going to lay the proud beauty in the dust. When they were finished with her, her loveliness would be vanquished. No longer would she be able to rear her haughty head, for science and commonsense would succeed where force and persecution had ignominiously failed. Ridicule would make her hide her head in shame. The beauty of science would outshine the beauty of faith. Knowledge would destroy belief, commonsense would toll the death knell of miracles. "How beautiful beyond compare would Paradise be found," when they had abolished the shackles of dogma and cut through the jungle of antiquated belief. The Modernist broom would sweep away creeds and clear the path for people to worship God in their own way, or to reject Him if they so desired. Anyway, it would be the end of all religion.

Science is marvelous but not so marvelous as that. The modernists overlooked that the Catholic Church was the sciences. They were oblivious of the fact that she had more commonsense than all the pseudo-scientists put together. She had lived in the world for nineteen centuries and one cannot live so long without acquiring some knowledge of humanity and its needs. She knows that men have souls, whatever the men may think themselves and "strong is the soul and wise and beautiful." Try as they could the modernists were not able to defeat the Church, for she is more mod-

ern than ever they knew how to be. Modernism has sucked its orange and only the dry peel remains. But still youthful, resilient and vigorous, the Catholic Church goes on to "scatter the clouds that hide the face of heaven and show where sweet peace doth abide, where truth and beauty grow."

THE QUASI-TOLERANCE of Modernism has given place to Communism and



militant atheism. There is no rest for the Church. Caesar and Stalin are but links in a chain, a chain that seeks to encompass and shackle the hope of men. The Iron Curtain is but a repetition of the ugly veils that have been used throughout the centuries to try and obscure the incomparable beauty of the Bride of Christ. But it is no more effective than its predecessors. "Whatever is in any way beautiful hath its source of beauty in itself and is complete in itself." Iron curtains notwithstanding, the loveliness of the Bride cannot be destroyed, for her beauty is inherent. "Beauty and truth are worthy to be sought" and men will seek her, for "beauty calls and glory shows the way." Behind the curtain our co-religionists are suffering with as much intensity as the Christians in the days of the Caesars. They are being persecuted, tortured, and executed with the same ferocity as under Nero, Elizabeth of England, or Calles of Mexico. Why do Christians endure? It is because they know they have the pearl of great price, a royal birthright

which they would not barter for all the wealth of the Indies, let alone a mess of pottage. Starvation, imprisonment, and death have no terrors when the reward is eternal. They are suffering for their ideal loveliness, for "when beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind."

They know that a world gained is a heaven lost "and beauty dead, black chaos comes again." Communism will be beaten to its knees but only at the expense of travail and blood. Our co-religionists are witnesses to the promise. The Gates of Hell shall not prevail. Iron curtains will crumble to dust, but the beauty of the Bride of Christ will persist. She cannot offer her children gold and jewels, she has no bottomless chest of riches and honors to reward their faithfulness. She proffers only tears, sweat, and blood. "Be ye faithful until death and I will give you the crown of life," she says.

"HER TRUE beauty dwells in deep retreats filling all the land." In her Mystical Body there are wells of holiness, quiet corners of virtue, and hidden arbors of sanctity, pulsating and throbbing with an all consuming charity for humanity. The world knows nothing of the power that is working for its salvation. It has no notion of the multitude of prayers that are beating on the Gates of Heaven in its behalf. Rarely does it catch a glimpse of the sainthood that is ever present in the Mystical Membership. It is unaware of the life of the contemplative monk or nun, the treasure of charity in the superficially hard-headed secular clergy, the quiet piety of the housewife, the unobtrusive goodness of the rough working man and the hidden virtue in a man of affairs. All these and many another are the facets of the jewel which scintillates and dazzles with a refulgence that is compelling to all the children of the Bride of Christ. She radiates a peace that is beyond all understanding and peace is always beautiful.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever, its loveliness increases, it will never pass into nothingness."

Pilgrims of the Martyrs' Way

by George Hartley

Prayer, penance, and a laden traverse of the wild
Martyrs' Way constitute an inspiring English pilgrimage.

FATHER GERALD VANN, O.P., had sent forth his appeal for thirty strong men to carry a heavy oaken Cross, fashioned by the English Carthusian monks, from St. Dominic's Priory, Haverstock Hill, London, to the great Basilica of St. Mary Magdelene at Vezeley, in Central France. It was an international pilgrimage, and the English Cross was one of fourteen to converge on Vezeley from various parts of France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Luxembourg.

The object of this great gathering was to commemorate the Eighth Centenary of the preaching of the Second Crusade by St. Bernard on this very spot. The way had been long, some 300 miles from Dieppe, and the English pilgrims had toiled and sweated with their heavy Cross along the unsheltered, seemingly never-ending roads of Normandy and the Beaune.

In spite of the toil, the pilgrims had seen the great devotion of the French people for the Cross of Christ. They will never forget the huge crowds that foregathered in the Market Place of Rouen when the Cross had been erected on the very place where St. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake; or the countless Rosaries recited before the Cross as it stood in the Sanctuary overnight in that pride and glory of Catholic France, the Cathedral of Our Lady of Chartres. The pilgrims had been edified and well repaid for their efforts by such devotion.

So it came to pass, the celebrations at Vezeley had ended, with the gigantic procession in honor of St. Mary Mag-

delene on July 22, 1946, her feast day. The Englishmen then deliberated, "Shall all this be for nothing?" "Cannot the Cross be carried from fourteen places of England to converge on the ancient English Shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham?"

This was a bold plan, and many prejudices must first be overcome. Objections, thick and fast, descended on the project, but two years, almost to the day, after the Vezeley pilgrimage, on July 1, the Feast of the Most Precious Blood, fourteen Crosses of solid oak, each with its complement of pilgrims, took the road from fourteen different parts of England. They walked along the highways of England, through large industrial towns and cities, through villages and sleepy hamlets, converging before the ancient shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham in the county of Norfolk. Since then the Cross has been carried through the streets of the City of Leicester, where the devotions of the Stations of the Cross were carried out in the open air by the indomitable Dominican Prior, Father Esmonde, O.P. Again the Cross was carried to another old shrine, that of Our Lady of Hartley in Kent.

LAST YEAR we saw the huge crowds that gathered around Father Peyton, as he conducted his Rosary Crusade in the diocese of Lancaster, in the north of England. It gave one of the Vezeley-Walsingham pilgrims an idea. He himself came from martyrs' stock, and Lancaster was the scene of many a martyr's

union with Christ. From Lancaster in an easterly direction runs the road which was the Via Dolorosa of many of the recusant priests of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. So he thought, why not a Rosary March, with the rigors and penitential spirit of a Cross carrying pilgrimage? The idea was of a one-day's pilgrimage from Dunsop Bridge, a hamlet in the wild Trough of Bowland to Lancaster Cathedral, eighteen miles distant, in honor of Our Lady of Fatima and the English Martyrs. It should take place on the first Saturday of each month from May to October.

ARRANGEMENTS for the localized Rosary March were made, and the venture received the blessing of the Bishops of Leeds and Lancaster, through whose dioceses the pilgrimage would pass. This Martyrs' Way is situated among some of the most beautiful scenery in England, wild and desolate, with no more than three or four farmsteads along the whole route. There are no inns or houses of refreshment. The road goes over mountain, moor, and fell, with no protection from the elements. On that first May pilgrimage the rain fell mercilessly, and a cold, biting wind blew from the East across scores of miles of wild, uninhabited moorland. The pilgrims could not hear the sound of their own voices as they recited the Rosary, and the leader would raise his hand as a signal that he was concluding the first part of the Hail Mary.

I am going a little too fast. Father



The road is wearying, along the Martyrs' Way. Author (center) rests with younger pilgrims.

Clement Tigar, S.J., of the House for Late Vocations at Osterly, an eloquent advocate of the cause of the English Martyrs, announced the proposed pilgrimage in the Catholic Press. It was put forward in such a way as to appeal to anyone with a day to spare and a devotion to the English Martyrs. Being held on Saturdays, it could not interfere with anyone's work. The inquiries which resulted were many and came from all parts of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. It was clear from the outset that many could not participate because they lived too far away, and the Martyrs' Way is rather inaccessible. The Elizabethan police, after all, would not have run the risk of taking their prisoners along amid all the publicity of the main highway.

However, as before mentioned, the first pilgrims met at the lovely chapel of St. Hubert, at Dunsop Bridge. This was built by the old Catholic family of Towneley, of Burnley, who were great landowners in this district. They never lost the Faith and actually gave a martyr for Christ. They also contributed generously to the Seminaries at Rheims and Valodolid. Among the students ordained from this latter seminary was Blessed Thomas Whittaker, who worked in these parts. He was once captured and housed in a farmstead for the night, but escaped while his captors were mak-

ing merry with the ale-jars.

Our programme on pilgrimage was as follows; rendezvous at Dunsop Bridge at 11 a.m., and commencement with meditations and Benediction in church. The kindly parish priest has always provided tea or coffee for the pilgrims. Then he would lead us to the tomb of Bishop Roskell, who was the first Bishop of Nottingham in the restored Hierarchy in 1850. Here the *De*

Profundis is recited, for the repose of his soul and the souls of all the old seminary priests who kept alive the Faith until the coming of the Second Spring. The pilgrims then take the road. The first Rosary (Five Joyful Mysteries), the Litany of Our Lady, the first Station of the Cross are said, followed by the singing of the first verse of the *Stabat Mater*. Then come two minutes of silent meditation as they walk along. This exercise is repeated twice more and then, with the ending of the third verse of the *Stabat Mater*, the pilgrims rest and have a bite to eat, slaking their thirst from the nearby stream.

All this occupies an hour, and four miles of the route has been traversed. The exercises are continued, with breaks here and there as the steeper paths are encountered, and finally the pilgrims come to an end with the completion of the Fourteenth Station. By this time the pilgrims have reached a point from where they can look right across to the Field of Blood and Butchery. They then pass quietly to Lancaster Cathedral, where confessions are beginning. They thank God for the grace and strength to honor the English Martyrs and to carry out Our Lady's call to penance at Fatima.

THE NEXT one-day pilgrimage in June was totally different. The sun shone

brilliantly and a much bigger crowd of pilgrims assembled. We shall never forget the lovely Benediction service at Dunsop Bridge. Only the pilgrims were present, even the altar servers being pilgrims. The doors and windows were thrown open, and we were conscious of the sweet fragrance of hawthorn and woodbine, and the blithe singing of the birds. The call of the cuckoo sounded amid the chanting of the *Tantum Ergo* and the smell of incense was heavy in the still air. After Benediction the parish priest gives a short talk on one or other of the English martyrs and then we recite with him the last prayers of the Franciscan martyr, Father Henry Heath:

"Jesu, convert England, Jesu have mercy on this country.

O, England, turn thyself to the Lord thy God."

And so the pilgrims tramped and prayed, month after month. Hikers and holiday-makers looked and wondered; some raised their hats; some knelt down; many were not in the least bit interested.

If there are any of English stock who read these lines, may I beg from them a *Hail Mary*, that through the blood of the Martyrs of England, the numerous ancient shrines of Mary may once again be thronged by English pilgrims. May the Holy Roman Faith once again permeate this land once the Dowry of Mary. May the Queen of Martyrs strengthen us and enable us to imitate the courage of our Catholic ancestors in this modern pagan world.

"Rain, Rain on Tyburn Tree
Red Rain a-falling;
Dew, Dew on Tyburn Tree
And the swart bird calling:
The shadow lies on England now,
Of the deathly fruited bough."

(Francis Thompson,

"To the English Martyrs")

A HOLY NAME MAN'S GARDEN

by Louis C. Fink

Holy Land plants and shrubs can remind
you of many a Scriptural scene.

WHEN I WAS growing up, and studying such things in school, a quotation in the Bible always worried me:

"And they gave Him wine to drink mixed with gall; but when He had tasted it, He would not drink."

It's from Matthew, 27th Chapter. Jesus was dying on the Cross, and it had been foretold in the Psalms that He would drink gall. Furthermore, the night before, in the Garden, Our Lord had told His Father that if the cup could not be taken away from Him, He would drink it.

Why then—asked my young mind—would not Christ drink this mixture of wine and gall passed up to Him by way of a sponge stuck on the end of a spear? Drinking something as horrible-tasting as wine and gall would have been punishment, but when did Our Saviour ever shrink from anything for our sakes? (They used to read it "*vinegar* and gall." because the wine was a cheap, sour variety that tasted like vinegar.)

I was a whole lot older when I read an explanation of that refusal of Jesus to drink. I might have known He never shrank from doing anything just because it was distasteful. No, Jesus Christ had another reason for refusing to drink wine and gall. The only substance known as "gall" which could be considered a drink was the extract of a plant, *conium maculatum*, or poison-hemlock. The Hebrew text of the Bible, as a matter of fact, uses the word "rosh" to mean both hemlock and gall, so it was probably poison-hemlock that was passed up to the dying Jesus. The same drink, indeed, that caused the death of

Socrates, who drank the familiar "cup of hemlock."

Why did Jesus refuse? Because this gall, or hemlock, was given for its pain-killing qualities. In small quantities, it has a quieting effect on the nerves, and it was supposed to be an act of kindness to a dying man. But Jesus, the God-Man, would not take this way of relieving His suffering in any way. He wanted His sacrifice to have all the merits it could, and He refused the wine and gall, the way you might refuse an aspirin today.

I'M A HOME GARDNER, like tens of thousands of Holy Name men, and so I began to wonder about poison-hemlock. Could it be grown in this country? Was I ever likely to see it?

Well, I have a small sprig of it in front of me now, a piece plucked from an ancient moat in Jerusalem back in 1896 and carefully pressed in a book all these years. Gall, or poison-hemlock, is a coarse herb of the parsley family. It grows about four feet tall, has delicate leaves and bears small clusters of white flowers. Originally an Old World plant, it has been naturalized in both North and South America, and is grown, of course, for its medicinal values. The root is especially poisonous, for it is supposed to have been a decoction of the root which Socrates drank.

So I think I'll stick to the tree I know as hemlock for my garden. Some species grow to 200 feet tall; it's a lovely tree with soft green needles and lots of small cones.

It may be a little impractical to think

of a garden planted with the flowers, trees and shrubs mentioned in the Bible—but it's not impossible, and the idea may give you some suggestions for that garden you're setting out this season. You'll start, I'm sure, with a dogwood tree. No, it's not mentioned in the Bible, but the legend about the dogwood will remind you of the Crucifixion every time you see the tree.

The story is that the dogwood tree was used to form the Cross on which Jesus died. So sorry was the tree at the use to which it was put that it afterwards developed flowers with four petals shaped very much like a cross. What's more, each petal has a small hole surrounded by a brown stain which looks for all the world like dried blood.

Since this is a garden article, you should be told that the dogwood is called by experts one of America's finest flowering shrubs. The flowering dogwood of our Eastern states is always a bright spot on the landscape in spring. It will do well in either shade or bright sunlight, and grows quickly.

Since this is supposed to be a men's magazine (wonder if the editors made a survey of how many women read it each month!), it might be better to include a few Biblical plants with a little more practical application. I won't take up vegetables, but there's no harm in discussing what has become a popular fad with all gardeners: an herb garden. If you'll take up Saint Matthew, 23rd Chapter, you'll see that Jesus made caustic reference to the Jews and their fascination with the exact details of the Old Law.

"You leave undone the weightier mat-

ters of the Law, right judgment and mercy and faith," Jesus told the Scribes and Pharisees, "and you pay tithes on mint and anise and cummin." His point was that these herbs had very little value in the aggregate, and it was more important to be just and merciful than to pay tithes on such trifles.

Of the three plants, mint is the best known. You can't make good iced tea (according to some) without a bruised mint leaf. Others say it should not be wasted on anything but a mint julep. Either way, a bed of mint in a moist patch of good earth will amply reward you. You might even want to make some mint jelly for roast lamb, in case the price of meat comes down to the point where you eat roasts again. Your mint bed will provide enough leaves during the summer for storage—either dried, in tight containers, or soaked in vinegar and sugar.

The other two tithing plants of the Bible are anise and cummin. Anise grows wild in Palestine and is also cultivated, just as it is in this country. The seeds and leaves are used for seasoning.

Cummin is strictly an Old World plant. If anybody has grown it in this country, that fact is not reported in the garden books. Cummin, however, along with red pepper and other spices, is used in that devil's brew known as curry powder, so much favored in India.

NOW THAT WE'VE disposed of a few trees, shrubs and herbs, maybe you'd like to consider some Holy Land flowers for your garden. Try pheasant's eye, a scarlet-flowered plant which does well in shade and which has a variety bearing yellow flowers recommended for borders. Its Latin name is *Adonis paloes-tina*, for Adonis, whose blood was supposed to have dyed the flowers. Pheasant's eye is common in Palestine, is prized by the natives, and historians feel pretty sure that Our Saviour looked at it often.

Up in the hills around Jerusalem, you would find cyclamen, with its white or lavender flowers and its delicate fragrance. Here in America, one variety of

cyclamen is used in rock gardens; another is grown in green houses and makes a fine pot-plant, under the right conditions.

Palestine is a land of flowers, golden clover, the white blossoms near Nazareth known as the Madonna Flower (*Artemisia squamata*, not grown in America), and a variety of strawflower known as Passion Everlasting. The latter is *Helichrysum sanguineum*, bearing red flowers, and is allied to the American strawflowers which are cut when partially open and then dried in a cool place. The French call them Immortelles; we call them everlasting flowers—either way, they make a nice winter bouquet and will remind you of the Holy Land.

Some of the material for this article was taken from a little book called "Pressed Flowers from the Holy Land." It was published in Massachusetts in 1896, when the Rev. Harvey B. Greene returned from a visit to Palestine with thousands of pressed flowers. In the small book, Mr. Greene has placed a specimen of each flower next to the page containing a brief description of its appearance in the Holy Land.

When I came to his page titled "Lily of the Field," I was surprised to see a red flower. To me, the lily which Jesus spoke of was white, and when He compared it to the glory of Solomon, I took it for granted that Solomon wore white clothes.

But it seems that the lily of the field, in Palestine, is really an anemone. This particular one, *anemone coronaria*, is said to grow everywhere in Palestine, and in early spring is in every valley, on every hill, and along every road. Its usual color is a bright scarlet (which of course would be the color of King Solomon's robes), but it also appears in white or in blue.

What about the home garden? Can you have some lilies of the field to remind you of the eternal lesson about faith in God? Well, they don't like the extremes of cold and heat in our climate, but in our Eastern states they are grown successfully either indoors or in a pro-

tected place outside. Other anemones, close relatives of the lily of the field, can be grown more successfully, and they will serve the purpose of bringing the New Testament into your back yard.

YOUR GARDEN may be a poor thing—full of aspirations in the spring, hard work in the summer and disgust in the fall, like mine. Or you may be one of those fellows with a green thumb who is always winning blue ribbons with prize roses and sweet peas. Either way, you've probably got grass around your house. A good lawn, I've learned, is more of a trick than a garden full of asters, columbine and nasturtiums. You have to fight weeds, crab grass, too much lime, not enough lime, moss, and brown spots. You have to mow the lawn, not too much and not too little. You have to water your lawn, and you have to seed bare patches, and do a thousand other things. A good lawn is a thing of beauty, indeed.

It's an ironic situation, in a way. For grass is essential to a pretty garden. It is also one of the first plants mentioned in the Bible, coming early in Genesis. And St. John, setting the scene for the feeding of the five thousand, writes, "Now there was much grass in the place." I haven't counted, myself, but a Bible student says that Holy Writ refers to grass no fewer than 62 times, usually as a symbol of decay, or of things that pass away. Saint Peter, for example, says that "all flesh is as grass . . . the grass withered, and the flower has fallen—but the word of the Lord endures forever."

That's typical of the way grass is considered in the Bible. In the Holy Land, grass is more of a seasonal thing than it is here. Grass is beautiful in the spring in Palestine, but after the summer sun comes forth, the grass usually gives way. Here it is the same, but our lawns last longer than a few weeks.

A garden is a good thing to remind us of Jesus Christ. We can even have the plants to help remind us of the places where He lived and died.

The Faith of Our Time

by James A. Farley

There is strength in the "calm and happy assurance that our faith rides strongly above all disturbances in the world . . ."

AS YOU all know, I used to be in politics. Now I am in business. Both professions are concerned with service. Both have their codes of ethics. The politician gives his word; the business man gives his product. Both should be, and usually are, backed by honor and integrity. If the politician fails to keep his word he courts defeat and disgrace. If the businessman fails to keep up his product he courts failure and bankruptcy. Unhappily, men stray from the standards of both professions. They may get by for a time, but almost inevitably there is a day of reckoning. In politics as in business, the honorable way is not only the right way but the best way.

Tonight I am not going to talk to you about either politics or business, but of something greater than either—the faith of our time. While I am not a theologian or a philosopher, I am a living part of the faith of our time. The ethics I learned in politics and business and the religion I learned at my mother's knee have made me an earnest man. And as an earnest man of faith I beg that you hear me as I ponder the meaning of what I have seen.

I have been a part of history. We are all parts of history, in perhaps the most crucial era of all time. It was my good fortune to be associated intimately with our national scene at the beginning of this era. I know, with few exceptions,

the makers of history of this period. Furthermore, I have traveled considerably around the world. In my travels I have not only met leaders but I have talked with people in all walks of life. I like people and people like me. Even when an interpreter is around, as is frequently the case for I do not have the gift of tongues, people seem to relax their guards and take me into their confidence.

These confidences are at the bottom of what I have in mind tonight. I think I have noticed something most unusual going on and I would like to tell you what it is.

To understand it, we have to go back a little. Almost anyone who is old enough to vote can remember a time when all the so-called brainy people—not the ordinary fellows like you and me, but the authors, the scientists, the statesmen, especially the European statesmen—were positive about themselves and about their accomplishments, and about what they were sure they could accomplish in the future. They had faiths of their own and they plugged them long and hard, so long and so hard that they converted pretty much the whole western world, except the Catholics,

RELIGION to them was a curiosity. They said it was an interesting study, like the ruins of a Greek temple, or the skull of a prehistoric man. They had faith in evolution. Life started sometime, somehow, maybe in the sea and maybe not

in the sea, and it worked its way from wriggling to swimming and so on up. After several hundreds of thousands of years of swimming under water the sea creatures developed gills, though how they held their breath so long before they had gills was never explained. After a few more million years some of the fishes crawled up on dry land and developed legs, after countless generations of trying to walk around without them, just as our descendants will doubtless develop wings after countless generations of trying to fly, provided, of course, we all practice flying faithfully at least 15 minutes a day.

It will be a cold day when you find a faith more earnest and pathetic than the faith in evolution. But it was all the rage for a time and it had its own offspring, the faith in progress. Every change was a change for the better. You sometimes wondered which was the cart and which was the horse. Did change bring improvement just because it was change? Or did improvement, like a small boy, hide around the corner of the future, impatient to burst into sight and shake things up? It made little practical difference which way it was. No one could doubt that things were constantly getting shaken up, and you simply had to believe that the new was better than the old. That was part of the code. It was better to have a railroad than a stagecoach because that way you could live farther from the center of town. So then they extended the suburb beyond the railroad and you moved to a place

EDITOR'S NOTE: This address by the former Postmaster General was originally delivered before The Paulist Forum, in San Francisco.

farther from the railroad station than you were from your office when you lived in town, and the music went round and round and you found yourself with less spare time and more blood pressure than you ever had before.

But it was all in progress, and it meant that we didn't have any more need for that objectionable character, the angry Old Testament Jehovah. No, sir.

They were humanists, too. They had a wonderful faith in man. Man was the measure of all things. It was beneath the dignity of a man to be on his knees. He was the apex of evolution, the beneficiary of unending progress, the master of a tidy, closed, and carefully mapped universe. To whom should he kneel? So they ripped the kneeling benches out of the churches and made them halls for organ recitals and political speeches.

And, of course, the highest faith of all was the faith in science. Science was the key to all locks and the answer to all riddles. Science was the real snake oil. Hadn't science debunked the Bible? Hadn't science proved that the universe runs itself? Hadn't science brought the world closer together so that the nations were scratching and clawing at each other like cats in a crowded cage? Hadn't the killing power of military ordnance, heavy and light, been multiplied many times over? Get the human spirit away from those medieval churchmen and set it in the lap of science. Science will condition it with all the proper reflexes, and the goose will hang high.

I repeat, I do not claim to be any professional student of history. You didn't have to read any high-brow literature to know at the time all about what I have just been relating. It was all in the Sunday supplements.

THE LORD is a wonderful economist. Though He never sends a boy on a man's errand, He never sends a man on a boy's errand, either. These silly beliefs that people held so widely 40 and 30 and even 20 years ago, but do not hold very widely now—these beliefs were not blasted away by earthquakes or stars

falling from the skies. Once in a great while the Lord brings man to his senses by some sensational means, such as by knocking him off the back of a horse on the road to Damascus. But generally no. He just lets errors work themselves out.

And you know what happened to the errors I've been talking about. They were just picked up by some smart people and followed out in a perfectly straight line to their logical conclusions; in one case a funeral pyre in Berlin and in another a hanging by the heels on a street corner in Milan.

Those smart fellows started off with pretty good mental powers and a training in the world's best thinking traditions. There is a Latin tag which says that the corruption of the best is the worst. Certainly no one can work up such mistakes as a Catholic gone bad—just as no one could properly run hell except the angel who had been closest to God.

Well, what did these smart fellows do? They dumped their religion and they took up faith in evolution. As we had risen from tadpoles to men, so we should rise from men to supermen. And we weren't going to wait any million years for it, either. The Nazi and Fascist supermen were right there, ready and waiting to take over. The common herd? Well, they had not quite evolved yet. In the new book of history they would be put down as prehistoric. Yes, evolution was a wonderful thing, especially when you could make such political use of it.

They had a wonderful faith in progress, too. They made the trains run on time. They also made people run on time. They did that to an extent never before seen in the world's history. Some people had to run faster than others. The lesser breeds had to run real fast—fast and far. Some ran themselves to the ends of the earth and some ran themselves to death. There was progress for you.

The dictators did some wonderful new things with the idea of humanism. Those old philosophers who said that man is the measure of all things never answered the question, "which man?"

They never stopped to think that if there was no God to check the measurements the yardsticks in the hands of the strongest man could be made the rule of all the rest.

But Hitler and Mussolini had no trouble figuring that out. Man is the measure of all things and the man with the most power is the measure of all other men. It was a slick philosophy and the so-called liberals had no stomach to fight it with weapons of the mind. They had long ago planted the seeds of those same ideas.

AND SCIENCE. The dictators did things with science the like of which had never been dreamed of before. They pushed out new frontiers in psychology by studying the question of how much abuse the human spirit can stand. They found out some pretty surprising things, as we all know. In medical experiments they were very logical. What better way was there to find out how germs and germicides and physics and pharmacals will work on the human body than to try them out on the human body? What better way to learn how the living body works than to cut it up? Of course, it killed a lot of people, too. And it came awfully close to winning a world.

All natural. All frightful. All inhuman and debasing. It came terribly close to winning a world and only still more frightful things kept it from succeeding. To beat these dictators we made an alliance with the devil, and we loosed a force that gave us at once the shock of realizing that it could destroy us all. We got an appalling glimpse of chaos and the abyss. We heard about chain reactions and could see the world destroyed by fire. But it would not be fire from heaven. It would be fire from Oak Ridge, Tenn. It would be the final example of human beliefs working out in action. The idea began to percolate that the Lord had created a world for us and us for our world, and that He proposed to let us keep it until we blew it up ourselves.

In other words, for the first time in the history of the world all humanity was just scared to death. Now, who did

the scaring? It wasn't the pope. He couldn't have done it with an argument, and he couldn't have done it with an appeal. Both had been tried and tried and gone unheeded. It wasn't a saint or a prophet. There is no saint who has been canonized by Harvard or Hollywood. Without that seal of approval you might as well have kept your mouth shut in the nineteen thirties and forties. And who wants to hear "Woe! Woe!" from the prophet Jeremiah or Isaiah at a time when every hack astrologer is bootlegging spiritual sleeping pills every day? So away with the saints and prophets. It wasn't even the Archangel Michael who did the scaring, either, because he is a well-mannered gentleman and knows that if he opened his mouth on the subject of human misbehavior Mr. Bertrand Russell would soon put him in his place.

NO; AS I SEE IT, it was no less person than the Holy Ghost himself. Christ told us, Saint John says, that the Holy Ghost will convince the world of sin, of justice, and of judgment. Now, the Holy Ghost uses no microphone. His great gift is light and He works by giving the light of understanding to human minds. This, in my judgment, is what is going on now.

The light does seem to be filtering in. Take England for example. I do not mean that too literally. Most Catholics in America have at least a little Irish in them, and the last thing any of them would want to do would be to take England or any part of it. I just suggested England as a kind of example. For Irishmen, England is a particularly good example because it is so familiar. The historians tell us that before the days of Henry VIII the faith of England was strong and simple. It was the faith of the humble man who had not yet been exposed to the doubts of naturalism and so-called rationalism.

The stiff-necked pride of Henry VIII and his followers destroyed the faith of England. There are now reasons to hope that it may be on the way back. If you were to go to England, as I have gone in the last few years, you would see a

new humility, a touch of new reverence, a new willingness to investigate the ancient faith, and even to accept again the ancient truths. Fifty years ago the Catholic Church in England was despised and not very strong. Indeed, Catholics were only then emerging from

The Most Precious Blood

When in the Garden of Olives,
The ground was crimson-soiled;
Thy sweat became as drops of blood,
On viewing the sins of the world.

Thy body unprotected stood,
With brutal lashes rent.
Sins of the flesh have caused this—
O Saviour, we repent.

Forgive, O Lord! our evil thoughts,
Sins of slander and scorn:
For these Thy head received a crown,
Fashioned of cruel thorn.

Thy shoulders bore the burden of
The cross on the Dolorous Way,
Bleeding for our offenses,
The price of our sins to pay.

Thy feet were bruised and bleeding too
Each agonized step of the Way,
And finally nailed to the wood of the cross
On that most eventful day.

Thy Sacred hands felt the pierce of nails
And Thy very life's blood was wrung
When on Calvary's heights for three hours,
On the infamous gibbet You hung.

Thy side received the lancers' thrust
And water and blood poured forth.
This passion, O Lord, was suffered by Thee—
And our redemption was bought.

Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ,
Shed to make men free,
Help us through life, that we may win,
Our place in heaven with Thee.

—CHARLES J. DERTINGER.

a long period in which they were political pariahs. Now, strange to say, Catholic thinking and Catholic writing are received with respectful interest. Catholic ideas brilliantly developed by Newman and Wiseman, Chesterton and Belloc, and now, in our own time, by Evelyn Waugh and Barbara Ward, are now in high esteem in the United Kingdom.

You have heard of Walsingham. Be-

fore the Reformation it was a great center of pilgrimage and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. For the last 400 years it has been practically abandoned. Now it is well on its way back to the high place it held in medieval times.

That is what I hear from Englishmen, whenever one of them lets his hair down, so to speak, on a quiet evening in London and tells me confidentially what is going on.

IN FRANCE THE STORY is no different. We all know how, from the French Revolution until almost the present day, France has despised religion and mistreated the church. An irreligious state in a country nominally Catholic, following all the meanderings of so-called liberal thought, suppressed the religious orders, promoted secular education, and discouraged religious education, and danced merrily down the garden path in the footsteps of Voltaire.

The Frenchmen tell me, and I can see it everywhere, that France has had enough. She is horrified to see the results of what she has done to herself and how she has made herself sick, sore, and disabled by straying from religion and moral truths. The swing back to religion is strong in France. The grip of communism is relaxing. The charm of irreligious philosophy has gone sour. The voice of Catholic truth is again strong in the land and it is likely that before long the religious education of children will again be encouraged by the French Republic.

Italy gives added proof of the same sad experience and the same trend back to faith and devotion. As for Germany, you scarcely know what to think yet, but at least that part of it which has not been paralyzed by the Russians shows a vital Christian spirit which is encouraging indeed.

OUR OWN UNITED STATES, thank God, never got quite so badly twisted up, but even here it is pleasant to contrast the mental attitudes of 30 and even 20 years ago with those of today. Where

(Continued on page 36.)

INS

NEWS AND VIEWS

Harry C. Graham, O.P.



H. C. GRAHAM, O.P.

BLESSED JOHN OF VERCELLI,
PRAY FOR US

May 5, 1952, will be a day long remembered by the staff at National Headquarters. It will go down in Holy Name history as a most important date. On that day, the first statue struck of our holy founder, Blessed John of Vercelli, arrived from Paris at the headquarters office in New York. The priest members as well as the lay staff were most happy and anxious, naturally, to see the new statue. Carefully but hurriedly the wooden case

was opened. Our joy was transformed to regret as we found the hand and part of the staff of Blessed John broken. However, the damage is not beyond repair. At the present time these repairs are being made, and soon work on our little shrine will be started.

A well known artist and an architect are drawing up the specifications for the shrine. Through the shrine we hope to promote the cause of our founder's canonization and make him better known to Catholic laymen. A pamphlet on the life of Blessed John is available. If any members of the Society wish to help defray the expenses of this project, any contribution will be most graciously received. An excellent idea of the new statue may be had from the cover picture of this issue.

The new shrine will be dedicated early in the Fall. It should give impetus to our campaign for Blessed John's canonization.

Puerto Rico

In the latter part of April, the diocesan Union of Ponce, Puerto Rico, held a diocesan convention with approximately five hundred delegates present. At that time it was decided to have an insular convention on August 30, 31 and September 1. The writer has been invited to participate in the meetings and address the convention. In the main, Puerto Rico is a mission-

ary country. It will be interesting to see how a Holy Name Society functions under far different circumstances from those we know in the United States, and I shall be glad to be in attendance.

While writing about our insular possessions, we might note that the Holy Name Society of Hawaii is putting on a tremendous campaign for membership. According to present plans, it looks as though it shall be a splendid success.

New Director

With this issue we welcome Rev. John C. Griffin of St. Bernard's Church, Baltimore, Maryland, as the new director of the Archdiocesan Union of Baltimore. From all reports this tenure of office will bring ever greater success to an already successful union. Baltimore has long had a traditional Holy Name Society background, the first national convention having been held in that city in 1911. Much is expected of Father Griffin, and we are sure God will aid him in the performance of his Holy Name duties.

The former director, Right Rev. Harry A. Quinn, can well retire from his directorship with the knowledge that much had been accomplished for the cause of the Holy Name during his tenure of office. To him, we give our thanks for the many favors he ex-

tended to the National Office and pray that God will bless him for the work he accomplished.

Philadelphia

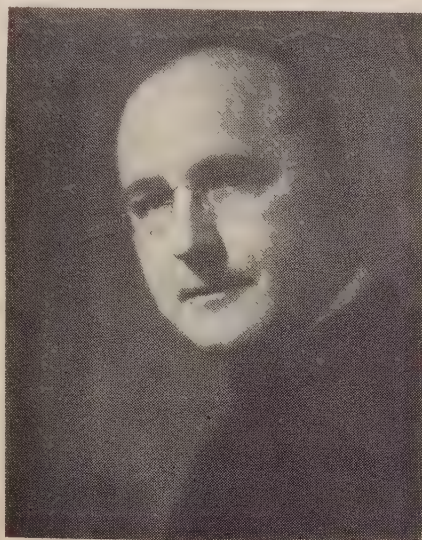
Recently the Philadelphia Archdiocesan Union held its first annual banquet. A personal invitation to attend could not be accepted by me because of a previous commitment. A noteworthy event of the evening was the presentation of the Father McKenna Award to the Rev. Leo J. Reichart, O.S.A., who for more than forty years has been an outstanding Holy Name leader. His modesty prevented him from holding any executive position in the Archdiocesan Union, but his zeal and example for the cause of the Holy Name was an inspiration to spiritual directors, officers and members alike. His name has been written in the minutes of important meetings for the past four decades and his accomplishments remain in the memories of those with whom he worked.

Father Reichart still manifests the same interest which he first manifested as a young priest in 1914. The principal speakers on the occasion were Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. McKenna, the Diocesan Director, and the Honorable Francis J. Meyers, former United States Senator from Pennsylvania. Both speeches were well received by the more than a thousand members in attendance. We extend to Father Reichart, as well as to the Archdiocesan Union, our sincerest congratulations.

Sponsored by Holy Name

Throughout the month of May, many demonstrations of faith in prayer, particularly through the Rosary, were presented throughout the whole country. The Holy Name Societies in the various dioceses were either the sponsors or the groups which helped greatly in the success attained by the various demonstrations. Monsignor Kriebs and his executive secretary, Father Ryan of Dubuque, through their union, held one series of these rallies

throughout their Archdiocese. Another of these colorful demonstrations was that held in the auditorium in Milwaukee. The panorama of the living Rosary was depicted by members dressed in white nylon, representing the small beads, while the large beads and cross were represented by men in red nylon. As the Rosary was recited from a platform before the altar, there were presented the Five Sorrowful Mysteries



FATHER LEO J. REICHART, O.S.A.
Recipient of Father McKenna Award

in tableaux. The full effect was very realistic and dramatic. This is readily understandable when you consider that such scenes as the actual scourging and death on the cross were portrayed. Two addresses were given. One address was by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Frederic P. Arnold, who preached the main sermon, and the other address was by His Excellency the Most Rev. Moses E. Kiley, S.T.D., Archbishop of Milwaukee. Congratulations to all who participated in such splendid tributes to our Lady.

Don't Forget

Some months ago, Nick Kenny, a noted New York newspaper columnist, wrote a poem, "Don't Forget to Say Your Prayers." We could paraphrase this title by saying Don't for-

get to say your prayers and attend to your obligations, even though the summer months are before us.

It is customary throughout the states that parochial units hold no meetings in July and August. However, this custom does not prevail in reference to the spiritual obligations. We expect that in those two months each member, whether on vacation or not, will receive Holy Communion on Holy Name Sunday and, of course, every day be faithful to the ideals of his Holy Name pledge.

Until September, then, when our next issue of the Holy Name Journal will again come to you, goodbye. And may God be with all our readers.

At the last Holy Name National Convention it was discussed whether or not regional Holy Name conventions would be practical. Nothing definite was settled. As an experiment, the weekend of October 26 will be taken up with a New York state-wide Holy Name convention at which spiritual directors, officers and men of the diocesan and parochial societies will be present. Convention meetings will be held on Saturday, October 25, culminating with a Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral and a breakfast in the Waldorf-Astoria. The speakers will be Most Rev. Joseph A. Burke, D.D., Bishop of Buffalo, and the Honorable James A. Farley, noted Catholic and former Postmaster General of the United States. These details of the convention are tentative, but this announcement will serve notice to all directors and officers and members throughout the whole state that this affair is to be held on October 25 and 26. We hope that there will be a goodly representation from each diocese in the state.



Minican Sisters of Sick Poor study New York map and are
n subway fare before starting day's visits from E. 210th St.



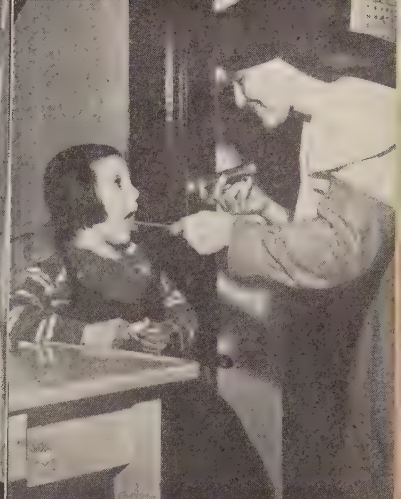
A professed Sister, accompanied by postulants, starts
daily visits from original Motherhouse on W. 61st St.



nicanette, one of the groups of girls who assist
rs, helps change dressing of a Dayton patient.



Visiting an Ossining family, postulant Janet Neeley wins af-
fection of youngsters by her interest in their new slippers.



A postulant early learns that patients are more comfortable if cleanliness abounds, while Sister (middle picture) proves

she can keep a home warm. A kindly smile is also important in the treatment of a little patient who is probably frigid.

The Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor

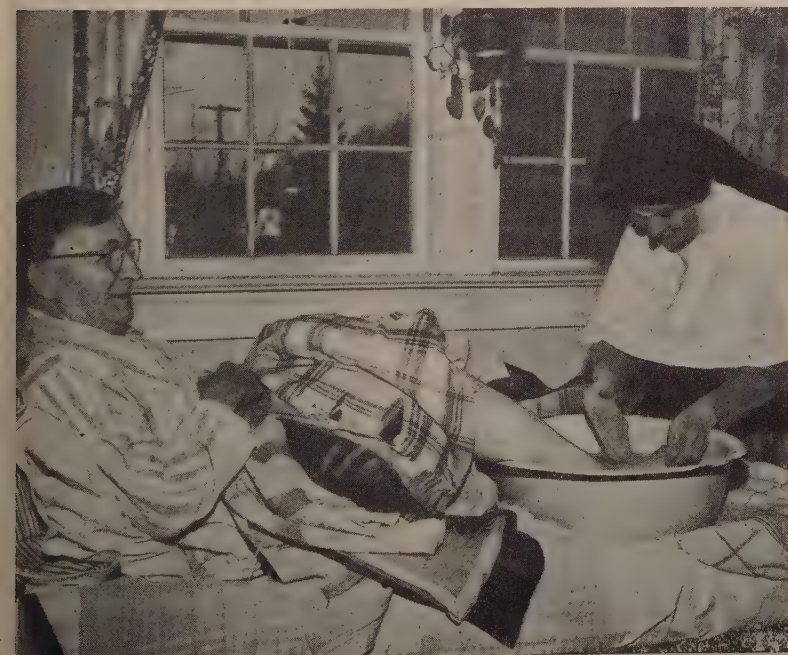
As Mary Walsh hurried to work on an August morning in 1876 she was appalled by the poverty she observed. Her introduction to poverty, so prevalent on New York's East Side, resulted indirectly in the founding of a group of women who, fortified by the spiritual aid of religious life, today minister to the afflicted in homes wracked by sickness, age, or poverty. Their rule states, "The class of sick poor that we must seek out are the neglected and those unable to give any remuneration for our services."

Many difficulties confronted Mary Walsh, later Mother Mary Magdalen, Foundress of the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor, in her objective of caring for the sick poor. But

the courage and humility of Sister Mary overcame all obstacles.

The Congregation was given official Church recognition in 1910, thanks to the zeal of Fathers P. J. O'Callaghan, John T. McNicholas, O.P., later Archbishop of Cincinnati, and the Dominican Master General, Father H. M. Cormier.

Distinguished by their white habits and black cloaks, Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor are found in nine cities. They are well-known friends to the aged and the ill who are sought out by the Sisters that they may be cared for. The Sisters minister their loving charity in Denver, Detroit, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Dayton, Columbus, Springfield (Ohio), Ossining, and New York.



A patient confined to bed for any length of time is appreciative of the comforting professional ministrations of the Sister-nurse.

Sister Mary Assumpta and her young Dominicanette demonstrate their skills in administering to elderly patients in their homes.

If Jury Duty Calls

by C. J. Papara

UNEXPECTEDLY some bright day, you may get a notice to report for jury duty, and your first probable reaction will be to groan.

But whatever your feelings, show up at court on time or face a possible fine for contempt. And erase that frown from your brow because chances are you will encounter a worthy experience you've never had before. When it's over, you'll emerge a wiser, better citizen for having fulfilled your duty to fellowman and country.

Trial by jury, ordinarily, is the democratic way of administering justice and no person can be deprived of his life or liberty without the unanimous vote of twelve jurors. This places a huge responsibility upon you and the others on the panel.

"No doubt, many jurors suffer some inconveniences by reason of their service," says Alexander Holtzoff, United States district judge in the District of Columbia. "Some even make considerable sacrifice and undergo hardship but this is part of the price we pay for democracy. Consequently, persons called for jury duty should not ask to be excused except for weighty and urgent reasons."

THE QUALIFICATIONS for jurors are fixed by laws of the various states, but in general, they require a person to be a citizen; a resident of the state, county or district in which he is called to serve; and he must be able to speak, read and write the English language. Bad moral character and insanity, of course, will bar anyone.

Don't tell the judge you're too busy to serve—that is a feeble alibi he hears a hundred times a day. Of course, if

you can prove it, you may get off. Sometimes, employers suddenly discover they can't get along without an employee and they call the judge but these tactics often backfire and the request is turned down.

After being summoned, you will come face to face with lawyers. Each attorney, naturally, wants jurors friendly to his cause, so he'll scan every man closely, studying his appearance, face and manners for clues to his position, background, political and religious beliefs, race and so on.

As a juror, you should possess an iron will that will beat down the desire for a smoke, and you must have the patience to sit attentively and calmly for hours. A talent for "getting" what the lawyer is driving at the first time helps. Try to suppress irritation, however, with the lawyer who insists on making the same point over and over again.

Listen to the evidence carefully and keep an open mind until the trial is over. Your job is to stay awake even when matters of a highly technical nature are being hashed over. On the other hand, don't gawk at an interesting witness to the extent you don't hear a thing that is being said.

When all the witnesses have been heard and opposing lawyers have given their final summations, the judge takes over to give his "charge to the jury," instructions on points of law.

As a jury, you twelve can demand that he explain his points in plain terms so they'll be fully understood. Be sure to know exactly what your task is before leaving the courtroom, and come back with more questions if you deem necessary. The fate of a de-

fendant is entirely in your hands, so it's important you have all the information you need to render a just verdict.

After the judge has his say, the jury is locked up in a small room for deliberations which may take 15 minutes or last 15 (or more) days. The jurors elect one of their members a foreman to preside over the discussion that will follow until all twelve are in solid agreement, one way or the other.

THE TEMPTATION to roar angrily at a stubborn fellow juror who doesn't see eye to eye with the remaining eleven will be strong, but remember that temperamental outbursts won't change the man's mind. Speak quietly and outline the reasons why you feel the stubborn one is wrong and, by and by, he is apt to come around to the prevailing point of view. Each juror will get a chance to air opinions on the case. But—in no case are you to solve any deadlocks by the flip of a dime!

A jury must settle a case solely on the evidence introduced at the trial. This means no enterprising jury man with secret ambitions to be a great detective can go out in a solo attempt to dig up further evidence or information. If a visit to the scene of crime is necessary, all jurors will be conducted to the spot under the direction of the presiding judge.

After you have finally thrashed out a decision in your little room, the foreman will announce it in court. Then, you'll be thanked by the judge, the rival lawyers and perhaps by the defendant (if acquitted). Then, before you return home, you will pocket your pay, usually \$3 a day.

If the case was an important headline-catching one, you may feel a bit uneasy over your decision. But it is a cinch that you will also feel proud for having the opportunity to make one in the first place.

And the fact that you didn't duck your duty will bring you a warm glow inside.

The Signers of The Declaration of Independence

by Jewell Casey

ON THE Fourth of July, 1776, John Adams, one of our all-time-great statesmen, penned a letter to his wife in which he said, "I am apt to believe that this day will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty.

"It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to another, from this time forward forever more."

The first celebration of Independence Day was in 1777, when Independence Square in Philadelphia was crowded with loyal citizens who rang bells, fired cannons, and displayed fireworks.

Independence Day this year, 1952, is the one hundred and seventy-sixth birthday anniversary of the American Republic, and every one of those anniversaries, thank God, has been celebrated under one constitution, one form of government, one bill of rights. On this occasion each of us should bear in mind that it is the American system, the American way of life, which is responsible for the freedom that is so cherished by every true American.

Countless numbers of Americans have gazed upon the original Declaration of Independence, but most likely little thought is given to the individual men who signed the document. Aside from their names and the fact there were fifty-six of the signers, very little—with a few exceptions—is recorded in our histories concerning these men. Much space

is given to explorers, early settlers, presidents, soldiers, and many others, yet we owe much to the men who dared affix their names to what was to become a world-famous document. It is interesting to see what types of men they were, and what they did before and after the war.

THE PURPOSE of the Declaration of Independence was not only to declare independence, but to explain to the world just why the colonies felt they were justified in renouncing allegiance to the British. Theirs, indeed, was a drastic decision, and it took rare courage for these successful, prominent citizens, some old, some young, nearly all of them wealthy, to affix signatures to such a document.

They were extremely bold and courageous, because taking this stand meant that each one was proclaiming the fact he was an enemy to the powerful king. Each signature named a rebel. It meant the signers would be sought by the enemy, hunted, shot, captured, robbed, and subjected to all kinds of hardships and abuse, yet these men chose to stand for the way of life they considered best, regardless of consequences. Of course they could not foresee that 18 of them would be in the armed forces before the close of the war, at least ten being in fierce combat; that two would be wounded and five taken prisoners; or that at least 14 of them would lose their homes and all personal property, and four would die from hardships inflicted by the war.

John Hancock, as president of the Continental Congress, with a firm hand, was first to sign. His signature was written large, "so the British ministry can read that name without spectacles," and it has become synonymous with all signatures on down to present time. Mr. Hancock, a prominent merchant, an excellent speaker, was one of the main leaders in the revolt. His fortune was used generously in the cause of freedom. During the war Hancock was a major-general of militia. He became the first governor of Massachusetts, and with the exception of two years, was re-elected to this office every term until his death.

The other signers, following, are not in the order which they signed the Declaration of Independence, but are grouped here according to the colonies they represented.

ROGER SHERMAN, of Connecticut, was one of the few signers of humble origin. He was a shoemaker, and when he opened his shop in New Milford, Conn., not only did he walk the entire distance from Boston, but carried his tools of trade on his back. Realizing his lack of education prevented him from being of great service to his country, Sherman studied at home and educated himself, becoming an outstanding lawyer and judge. An influential patriot, he served as delegate to the convention charged with the duty of framing the federal constitution. Samuel Huntington, William Williams, and Oliver Wolcott, were successful lawyers, statesmen, and

prominent citizens, capably representing the Nutmeg State. Other than this, little is known about these three signers.

Delaware's able representatives were lawyers George Read, Thomas McKean, and Caesar Rodney. Rodney is said to have been a highly respected judge of the lower courts. He was a delegate to the Stamp Act Congress, and twice sat in Congress. During the war he was major-general, and afterwards was president of Delaware, which position he held for several years. He was re-elected to Congress, but because of ill health was unable to take his seat.

Lyman Hall, while a student in medical school, was selected to represent Georgia in Congress for five years. During the war the vast estates of Hall and Gwinnett were looted of all valuables, their houses being burned by the British. After the war Hall was elected governor of his state. George Walton was another signer who came up the hard way. He was apprenticed to a carpenter who was too stingy to let him have a candle to study by; not to be denied, the ambitious young man studied by firelight. Later he was released and became one of the leading lawyers and judges of his state. Soon after being admitted to the bar, Walton joined the fight for liberty. He was a delegate to Congress for five years. At the siege of Savannah, Walton was wounded and captured, but it was nearing the end of the war, so he suffered few prolonged hardships and was soon free. He later served as governor of Georgia; then as chief-justice of the state, and later United States senator. Button Gwinnette, a wealthy merchant noted for his irritable temper, was ambitious to command the Georgia troops, but the command went to General McIntosh. Gwinnette was elected governor and sent McIntosh on a "wild goose chase" to Florida which ended in a dismal failure. Attempting to put the blame on the commander, Gwinnette was denounced by the General and a duel followed. Both men were wounded, and though McIntosh recovered, Gwinnette died in May, 1777, the first signer to die. In life Gwinnette did not achieve

the fame he desired, but his autograph is said to have sold for the sum of \$28,000, the highest price paid for any signer's signature, so the fame he longed for in life came long after death.

Maryland's signers, Samuel Chase, William Paca, Thomas Stone, and Charles Carroll, were of the law profession. It is said that Chase engaged in profiteering during the war, but eventually went bankrupt. Later he made a successful position in life and was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court.

CHARLES CARROLL, a Maryland Catholic, was one of the wealthiest men in the colonies, and regardless of the fact



he had much to lose, made daring speeches and helped the cause for independence in every way possible. Among the first to sign the Declaration, he affixed his name with a flourish, and when someone jestingly remarked there were many Charles Carrolls, and the British might not know just which one was signing, he immediately added to his name "of Carrollton." This brave man was known from then on as "Charles Carroll of Carrollton." The last of the signers to die, in 1832, he laid the corner stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on July 4, 1828.

Samuel Adams, a Puritan, and a cousin of John Adams, was a fearless foe to monarchism and a natural politician

who influenced his fellow-citizens of Massachusetts to uphold their rights. He helped draft the constitutions of his native state; he was president of the senate; lieutenant governor and governor. He had a prosperous brewery business, but in his fight for independence for the colonies, he let his private business run into bankruptcy. John Adams is, of course, fully treated by historians, since he was the first vice-president, the second president of the nation, and was also the father of a president of the United States. No doubt much credit should go to Adams because of the way he battled the document through Congress in a three day's debate. He died July 4, 1826, on the 50th anniversary of Independence Day.

Robert Treat Paine, through his associations as a minister, a lawyer, and army chaplain, was well known before the Revolution. He was a delegate to the convention at Boston in 1768, and later was in charge of the prosecution of Capt. Preston for firing on the people. He most ably served as a Supreme Court judge and as attorney-general for several years. Elbridge Gerry, a prosperous merchant, was a member of Congress who served on the most important committees. He was a member of the first national Congress, and one of the envoys to France. Like several other signers, Gerry was sought by the enemy and on one occasion eluded his pursuers by hiding for many hours in a field. After the war Gerry served one term as governor, and then was elected vice-president of the United States. His death came suddenly during the second year of his term.

RICHARD STOCKTON, lawyer, and John Hart, farmer, were men of New Jersey who paid a high price for their stand for independence. Stockton was betrayed to the enemy and in bitter weather was forced to walk miles through deep snow before being thrown into a jail without heat or food for a day and night. Making an example of the first captured signer, the Tories confined Stockton in a wretched prison, where he saw many

American prisoners of war die from lack of food and medical care. When finally free, he found his once beautiful home in utter ruin. Completely broken in health, Stockton, a fine example of the American colonial gentry, died in 1781. Hart, a hard-working farmer, miller, and justice of the peace, was hunted and chased from one hideout to another. His home and mill were burned and his farm laid to waste. Hart could have left the country, but because of the illness of his wife, who was taken to the home of a friend, he remained as near her as possible. Knowing of this, the enemy did everything possible to make his life miserable. Within a few months after signing the Declaration, Hart's health was gone, his wife near death because of hardships, and all of his property gone. His death came three years later. Abraham Clark, lawyer, wrote to a friend saying, "A few weeks will probably determine our fate—perfect freedom or absolute slavery—to some of us freedom or a halter," proving he realized only too well what might be in store for the signers. Clark was a middle-class farmer, and a student of law, but he found time to help his neighbors in settling many boundary disputes, to become known as "the poor man's counselor." John Witherspoon, a minister and a writer, was a delegate for six years. Later he was president of Princeton College. Francis Hopkinson, author, musician and jurist, was a delegate to Congress. He is best remembered for his humorous ballads, including "The Battle of the Kegs," and other verse and prose. His son, Joseph a judge of the U. S. District Court, was the author of "Hail Columbia."

JOSIAH BARTLETT, a New Hampshire physician and lawyer, felt the wrath of the Tories even before signing his name—his house and contents were destroyed by fire. William Whipple, another New Hampshire delegate, was one of the first to advocate independence. Under Washington's command Whipple became a general, and later a judge. Matthew Thornton graduated from medical col-

lege, but changed his profession to that of lawyer. He actively engaged in overthrowing the royal government in his state and served as president of the provincial convention of 1775, and as speaker of the assembly the following year. For six years he was judge of the superior court; was a member of the general court of Massachusetts and was appointed a member of the general council.

New York had four signers, William Floyd, soldier; Francis Lewis, merchant; Lewis Morris, farmer; and Philip Livingston. Lewis, well along in years, wealthy and retired, had been in two shipwrecks, narrowly escaping; he had also been captured by Indians and bound to a stake preparatory to being burned alive, when he persuaded his captors to let him go. Yet he was to undergo many more unpleasant experiences. Early in the war his household was attacked by the enemy and Mrs. Lewis was captured and confined in a small room without a bed or even a change of clothing, for several months. As soon as possible Washington arranged for her exchange, but because of the cruel treatment, Mrs. Lewis died soon after her release. Soon after signing the Declaration, Lewis paid dearly with the loss of his wife and all of his property.

William Hooper and John Penn were North Carolina lawyers, while Joseph Hewes was a merchant. Hewes served in the Congress from 1774 until his death five years later.

JOHN MORTON and James Smith, Pennsylvania signers, both lawyers, seemed to have been little known either before or after the Revolutionary period. George Ross, another lawyer, was on the committee to secure a national flag. He, with Washington and Robert Morris, called on Mrs. Betsy Ross and asked her to make the flag. George Taylor, an iron manufacturer, served as a "summer up" in the debates and discussions on the document. George Clymer, a wealthy merchant, was one of the first continental treasurers. He was a member of

the convention that framed the Constitution, and also of the first national Congress. Clymer was selected to succeed a member of the Congress who refused to sign the Declaration, and unhesitatingly he affixed his name. The British troops destroyed his beautiful home.

Robert Morris, also of Pennsylvania, voted against the document at first, but signed when it was adopted. He founded the Bank of North America, which helped finance the Revolution. In 1787 he nominated George Washington for the presidency. It is alleged that Morris and James Wilson, another signer, were profiteers during the war and emerged even richer than when it started. However, each lost his fortune and went into bankruptcy. Morris' last years were spent in dire need. Wilson became a supreme court justice, but eventually had to hide from his creditors, and died from a nervous ailment. Benjamin Rush, a physician and member of Congress, founder of a college of physicians, was physician-general of the army. Dr. Rush distinguished himself as a tireless worker during the yellow-fever epidemic. In 1799 he was made treasurer of the U. S. mint, which position he held until his death. Benjamin Franklin, affectionately known as the "elder statesman," one of the most outstanding signers, is well known to every student of history. Considered one of America's greatest men, Benjamin Franklin retired in 1780, and died two years later, at the age of 84.

RHODE ISLAND'S Stephen Hopkins, merchant and judge, received the appointment of chief-justice of the supreme court. Later he was elected governor and was several times chosen a member of Congress. It is said the signature of Hopkins was the only tremulous one, but this was due to palsy, and not for lack of courage. Designating himself as a "fighting Quaker," Hopkins was the possessor of a spirit that never wavered in the fight for liberty. William Ellery, considered one of the most brilliant lawyers in the colonies, stood by watching the faces of each

signer. He said, "I was determined to see how they looked as they gave their name to what might be their death warrant." Ellery is said to have signed his name with a boldness that was truly inspiring. His beautiful home was completely destroyed by the British.

Thomas Lynch, Jr., and Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, were farmers, and Thomas Heyward was a jurist and a member of Congress. Heyward was captain of artillery during the war. Edward Rutledge, lawyer, soldier, and plantation owner, was on several important committees. At the fall of Charleston in 1780, Heyward, lieutenant-colonel of Charleston artillery, and Middleton and Rutledge were captured and sent to a Florida prison where they were held about a year. While there Heyward wrote a song beginning "God save our glorious states," sung to the tune of "God Save the King," which was very popular for some time. After the war Rutledge was elected governor of his state. Lynch and Rutledge, in their twenties, had the distinction of being the youngest signers.

Thomas Nelson, jr., a valiant Virginia soldier, was a commander of the Virginia militia during the siege of Yorktown while the British occupied his handsome mansion. Noticing that his house was being spared by Washington's artillerymen, Nelson told them to aim directly at his house. The very first volley entered the dining room, killing two officers and wounding several others. A few more shots and the mansion was a complete ruin, but the destruction did not bother the patriot. In fact, Nelson was jubilant over the damage with the hurting of the enemy, so long as the cause of independence triumphed. Francis Lightfoot Lee, a farmer, was a brother of Richard Henry Lee.

BENJAMIN HARRISON, a Virginia farmer, had the unusual distinction of being the only signer to have a son and a great-grandson to become presidents of the nation. Carter Braxton, a wealthy plantation owner, supplied much money for the fight of freedom. So generous

was he, Braxton used all of his fortune for his country and died deeply in debt. George Wythe, a lawyer with much influence, served as a delegate, and was speaker of the Virginia house of delegates. He wrote many strong editorials against the Stamp Act. Later he was professor of law at William & Mary College. Richard Henry Lee, another plantation owner, is credited with being the originator of the idea of a congress of the colonies. Lee was a tireless worker and was well liked by the other delegates. He was a member of the convention which adopted the present constitution, and was one of the first senators under it. During his many years in Congress, Lee was a loyal supporter of Washington.

Thomas Jefferson, another signer, is well known to all students of history. In 1796 he was elected vice-president and four years later was elected president. He refused to consider a third term and retired to his beautiful country estate, where he remained until his death, which like that of John Adams, occurred on July 4, 1826.

ALTHOUGH it is a popular belief that all of the signers affixed their names on July 4, 1776, five years passed before the last of the 56 signatures was on the Declaration of Independence.

During the time the document was being drafted and debated upon, the signers joked and teased, showing they had a keen sense of humor, and they amused themselves in various ways. According to old letters, diaries, and record books, John Adams visited a waxworks on one occasion and on another he spent an afternoon at a "Painting Room." James Smith enjoyed a "Turtle Feast with Mr. Hancock and ye Delegates." Stephen Hopkins amused his associates by drawing crayon portraits of them, or by composing psalm tunes and popular ballads.

John Adams is said to have been the real author of the Declaration of Independence, but because Jefferson was the best scribe in Congress he wrote it.

The first draft of the Declaration was read in July and that was the beginning of real discussions, debates, and revisions, which at one time became so heated there was a wild uproar. Suddenly Franklin, the great diplomat, rose to his feet and said in a loud, fearless voice, "Let us pray." Immediately every voice was hushed and every head bowed. Then a calm and steady voice was heard in prayer. The voice was said to have been that of John Witherspoon, a minister. Afterwards, in all of the long trying days spent in working on the notable document, not once did angry discussions hinder the work!

The Sign Of The Cross

There is one way in which the Church, day in and day out, reminds us that we in union with our Head must pay the penalty of sin. "Christ therefore having suffered in the flesh, be you also armed with the same thought" (I Peter iv, 1). She constantly traces upon us and bids us trace upon ourselves the holy sign of the Cross. Each sacrament is sealed with the holy sign of our salvation. At Baptism, the waters of regeneration are poured in the form of a cross; at Confirmation the bishop traces the holy sign with Chrism on the forehead; the priest makes the sign of the Cross with "the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ" when he gives Holy Communion, he makes it when he gives absolution, and in our last moments on earth he carefully traces out upon us the sign of our redemption. The priest's hands are anointed with oil in the form of a cross during the ordination ceremony; and the bride and bridegroom are blessed with the sign of the Cross; the ring, too, the symbol of their union.

—Christ in His Mystical Body, by C. J. Woolen

LABOR-MANAGEMENT JOTTINGS

"Capital cannot do without Labor: Labor cannot do without Capital"

—POPE PIUS XI

by **Charles B. Quirk, O.P.**

IN TEN YEARS of attempting to interpret labor-management problems against the background of Christian Social Justice this column has rarely devoted more than one issue to the consideration of a currently pressing crisis in industrial relations. However, the fact of the present steel crisis with all its grave implications justifies, we think, more extended treatment.

In the preceding three issues of the *Journal* certain aspects of the over-all situation seemed to demand clarification and comment as they became focussed. Unfortunately, emphasis upon one or the other phase of the controversy may have tended to obscure the total picture. As we enter the summer months no enduring solutions have been accepted by either steel management and steel labor or by the Federal Government. But this much has been accomplished. The whole dispute has crystallized not only the major points of friction but also the mentalities of the contending parties. It is our purpose, now, to summarize, chronologically, the steps that led to the series of explosive climaxes, to enumerate the basic issues at stake, and to attempt an evaluation of each in the light of Christian social principles.

Mounting Crisis

In 1950 the C.I.O. United Steelworkers broke precedent and signed a two-year contract with the steel industry. Wages, hours and other aspects of steel industrial relations were thus frozen for twenty-four months. In the subsequent two years the cost of living rose sharply without compensating wage hikes in the steel industry. It was inevitable that when negotiations for a new contract

reached the operative stage the steelworkers would ask for substantial wage increases. These negotiations between the major steel producers and the union were begun last November and, accomplishing nothing, terminated in December with a strike call issued by Philip Murray for December 31. At the request of President Truman, Mr. Murray postponed the strike until January 3, and the dispute was referred to the Wage Stabilization Board for a non-mandatory decision. Meeting on January 3, the national convention of the C.I.O. United Steelworkers moved the strike deadline to February 24. And, finally, while awaiting the definitive decision of the WSB, the Union set March 23 as the strike date.

On March 20 the Wage Stabilization Board made its recommendations in the form of what has come to be known in union parlance as a "package." The contents of the package were as follows: a wage increase of 12.5 cents an hour retroactive to Jan. 1, 1952, plus 2.5 cents additional on July 1 and 2.5 cents more on January 1, 1953. Fringe benefits (pensions, paid vacations, hospitalization, etc.) were allocated 5.4 cents now and 3.5 cents in 1953. Furthermore, the Board recommended the acceptance of the "union shop" for the steel industry. Simple mathematics indicates that the total wage settlement would involve approximately a 25 cents per hour increase in steel wages. (Fringe benefits must be calculated as labor cost items in any accounting procedure.)

The Union accepted the "package" immediately but management was firm in its position that it would not give wage hikes without a consequent substantial

price increase per ton of steel. (Actually, steel management maintained that it would need a \$10 to \$12 increase per ton of steel to meet the union's demands. Later, the WSB was ready to concede a \$3 per ton rise, which it maintained the steel industry was entitled to under the Capehart Amendment.) Although management refused to accept the recommendation of the WSB, it agreed to continue negotiations with the Union, which at this stage of the developments had set April 8 as the strike deadline. In the period from March 20 until April 8 collective bargaining sessions between steel management and steel labor failed to narrow the area of conflict and as the fateful day of final decision approached fires were banked in the steel mills and the Union began to organize its pickets.

Then, on the evening of April 8, President Truman seized the steel industry on the grounds that work stoppage in a strategic industry constituted a grave danger to the nation. The effect of the seizure was to allow continued production and, conceivably, prepare the way for the imposition of all WSB recommendations upon the industry. From this point to the present writing the basic economic issues in the steel dispute have become almost totally obscured by the constitutional debate raging around the President's action.

Union Shop by Compulsion

After all these years of defending the essential rightness of full union security, it should be unnecessary to protest again that we believe firmly in the union shop as the ideal status for the vast majority of American firms and in-

dustries. However, our defense of the union shop always presupposed its *voluntary acceptance by the management group involved*. A union shop by Government compulsion not only violates traditional American practice but constitutes a clear denial of a fundamental principle of Christian social philosophy. In outlining the rôle of the state the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* warns "just as it is wrong to withdraw from the individual and commit to the community at large what private enterprise and industry can accomplish, so too it is a grave evil, an injustice and a disturbance of right order for a larger and higher organization to arrogate to itself functions which can be performed efficiently by lower bodies . . . of its very nature the true aim of all social activity should be to help individual members of the social body, *but never to absorb or destroy them.*"

Collective bargaining implies freedom from duress on both sides of the table, good will of the participants and freedom to agree to commitments. To force decisions from either management or labor by government fiat is a clear violation of both of the underlying philosophy of collective bargaining and of the Christian principle of subsidiarity. We believe that steel management should agree to a union shop for the C.I.O. United Steelworkers. But we wholly object to the situation in which the recommendations of the Wage Stabilization Board, relative to the Union, becomes a virtual ultimatum. That sort of thing could open the door to a complete subversion of our American enterprise system through the imposition of creeping socialism.

Wages and Prices

Wage increases, at any time, presuppose that management is able to meet added labor costs by narrowing its profit margin, by increasing its prices, or by realizing an increase in its rate of production. Because the tax bite on corporate income has been substantial during the early months of the current year, the profit picture of most American

firms and industries has revealed a sharp *percentage* decline. However, profits over the last two years have been demonstrably substantial. This has been true, particularly, in the steel industry, where dividend payments have been both high and consistently declared. Certainly, the "package" demand of the Union can be met by the industry without dangerously reducing the profit margin of the major steel companies.

The WSB has tentatively offered the steel makers a \$3 increase per ton of steel. Industry spokesmen argue that this is insufficient to cover not only direct labor costs, resulting from the granting of the union's wage demand, but also the indirect additional costs that they assume will materialize when other unions seek and secure wage increases comparable to those of the steel union. Of course this logic borders on the ridiculous. As a matter of fact, the steel industry, in requesting an approximately \$6 increase per ton of steel for anticipated costs, is actually rendering a bill for a job not yet started. While it is possible that the new wage levels in the steel industry can and may cause pressures for an upward revision of the nation's entire wage structure, this situation is hardly probable, in the light of present economic conditions. Granting, however, that other powerful unions in strategic industries do actually achieve wage increases and these are passed on to the steel producers in the form of higher prices for the materials and services used in the production of steel, \$6 per ton is still a fantastically high estimate of hypothetical cost increase.

The validity of our last conclusion is underwritten by the known fact of vastly increased productivity in the steel industry. Under the impact of World War II, the subsequent postwar boom, and the rearmament program currently being carried forward, the steel industry has not only expanded its capital facilities greatly (with aid from the government in the form of tax reductions) but also has perfected technological methods to such a degree that the average steel worker is now producing thirty to forty percent more steel than he was able to

produce in 1940. This means, very simply, that revenue derived from increased productivity can be divided among workers and consumers with higher wages for labor and lower prices for users of steel. Obviously, steel prices have not been reduced over the last decade. It is evident, then, that the steel industry has had, and continues to have, the ability to raise wages without at the same time proportionately increasing the price of its product.

The Annual Wage

A final issue in the steel dispute is the demand of the union for a guaranteed annual wage. Personally, we believe that steel is one industry that could guarantee a fifty-two week pay envelope to its labor force. However, it is of paramount importance that the steel union understand the full nature of an annual wage. Actually, it is impossible for the steel industry or any other industry in the U.S. economy to pay a living annual wage on the basis of straight time hourly earnings.

It is implicit, at least, in the Encyclicals of both Leo XIII and Pius XI that the living annual wage is not to be thought of as a sum of money but rather as *purchasing power*. It is an everyday experience of the average American that the increased number of dollars in his pay envelope or check does not necessarily give him a proportionate increase in his power to buy goods and services. If this be true, and it is, the achievement of a living annual wage must be in terms of providing workers with the ability to purchase a sufficient amount of goods and services to assure relative security for themselves and their families. In accepting pension, paid vacations, health insurance and ultimately a partial share in ownership workers have the equivalent of a living annual wage. Hence, American unions must revise their thinking about the guaranteed annual wage and understand that it is to be sought in the *combination* of straight hourly earnings *plus fringe benefits*. There is really no other alternative.

A Light Out of Darkness

by R. V. Hunt

**Alfred, great in the tradition of Christian nobility,
was the hero King of the West Saxons.**

ONE THOUSAND and fifty years ago this October there died a man whose legend eclipses that of every one of his successors on the throne of England: Alfred the Great. In a sense, Alfred's legend eclipses himself. For in the hands of certain nineteenth century historians, "England's Darling" was remoulded into a colossal figure that combined the striking features of a mythical Wagnerian hero and a seventeenth century Puritan. Fortunately, the men of his own age and of the succeeding three centuries understood him better. Thanks to their labors, it is possible to reconstruct a reasonable likeness of the man and the ruler to whom Christendom owes much.

When Alfred was born, in 849 at Wantage, Berkshire, Saxon England was composed of several tribes governed by their respective Kings. Under his grandfather Egbert, the West Saxons had risen to unexpected preeminence, and this titular supremacy was maintained by his father Ethelwulf. On the other hand, Alfred's mother Osburh was the daughter of a minor official who had won Ethelwulf's favor. As Alfred was the youngest of their five sons, the prospect of his succeeding his father was remote. "From his very cradle," says one of the old chroniclers, "was he loved with wondrous affection . . . beyond all his brethren. As he grew in stature, so showed he fairer in form than any of them. Bright was his face, so that all men marked it, and bright his talk. . .

Full teachable was he, keen at woodcraft, peerless in every way."

While Alfred learned his prayers at Osburh's knee, Ethelwulf was called to the stern task of repulsing new hordes of Northern pagans. Incursions of these barbarians had been increasingly frequent. Their lightning descents and swift retreats, their wanton destruction and indiscriminate slaughter had made their name a terror to the Saxons. When Alfred was three years old, they sailed up the Thames in their long galleys to destroy London, Canterbury and sweep into Kent. There Ethelwulf met and defeated them in a hard-won contest.

In thanksgiving for his victory, the King vowed a pilgrimage to Rome. Little Alfred may have attended him. But according to one version, he was already there under the protection of Pope Leo IV when the King arrived. Ethelwulf was graciously received by the Pontiff. Leo had recently witnessed a Moslem sack of the Eternal City and had special reasons for gratitude to the Christian King from the West who had withstood the onslaught of the Norse.

Ethelwulf had the English School in Rome rebuilt and made an offering of lamps to be burnt before the Apostolic shrines. When, after a year, he turned homeward, he left his son to the care of Pope Leo, "who anointed this young Alfred for King; yea, and confirmed him also, and received him for his own son by adoption." The love and veneration in which Alfred ever held Rome

and the Holy See was doubtless fostered by this boyhood experience.

HIS FATHER died two years later, and it is probable that Alfred did not return to England until after that event. During the reigns of his elder brothers, he remains in obscurity. But Asser, the Welsh monk and bishop who was his confidant and chronicler in later years, gives us significant glimpses of his developing character. The scholarship he had seen in Rome left him with an unquenchable thirst for learning.

But even above learning, he sought perfection in the way of prayer. He sought out-of-the-way shrines for secret prayer and alms-giving. And "when he was in the first flower of his youth, before he had a wife, he was fain to establish his heart in God's commandments, yet he saw that he could not abstain from fleshly lusts." Rising before cock-crow, he would seek a church unseen by any and pray earnestly "that God would turn him wholly to Himself," if need be by the infliction of some infirmity, "such as he might bear." This prayer was granted.

At the date of his marriage, with a maiden of the old Royal Mercian line, he prayed that this affliction might be removed, though another should be substituted. And at the wedding-feast, the young Atheling was stricken by a malady so acute that it excited the wonder and pity of the festive throng. Although

the seizure passed, it was beyond the understanding of medical science of the age, and Alfred lived subject to its recurrence from his twentieth year until the age of forty-five.

Meanwhile, he was becoming active in affairs of the Kingdom. In the reign of his fourth brother Ethelred, Alfred was titled *Secundarius*, or second man in the realm.

THE NORSE pagans had struck again. Famine and plague added to the misery of the Saxons, many of whose chiefs were slain in vain efforts to repulse the invaders. Ethelred and Alfred fought stoutly before the gates of Reading, but were forced to retreat with great loss.

Four days later, they rallied their depleted forces and faced the foe at Ashdown. While Ethelred lingered in his tent at Mass, Alfred placed his wing in battle formation. The enemy had the advantage of position on the hill, whence they loosed a rain of arrows on the Saxons. It was not Alfred's place to order his men into action, but the King had not come, and he saw that his men must attack or retreat. Finally, he gave signal to charge the hill. The King, hearing that battle was joined, supported his brother and the Standard of the Cross was planted on Ashdown Hill.

Shortly thereafter, Ethelred died, and Alfred was joyously acclaimed as King, though with much misgiving on his part. He was then twenty-two, and for the next years there was continuous war between his people and the invaders. Driven to a remote corner of Wessex, Alfred was at times almost alone, without fighting men or wherewithal to carry on the struggle.

After a successful trial with the enemy at sea, he was able to leave "the woods and fens" of Somersetshire in which he had hidden and gather a small host at Athelney. From this secret stronghold, he led raids upon the Danes. After Easter, 878, he rode forth to a rally of his subjects. "When they saw the King," wrote Asser, "they were filled with joy untold and they hailed him as one alive again from the dead."

Now Alfred sought out his enemy, and found him at Adington in Wiltshire. An immense host was drawn up in battle array. The contest was long and stubbornly fought. Guthrum, King of the Danes, commanded the shield-wall of wing-helmed warriors wielding deadly axes, their heavy-muscle arms glistening with golden bracelets. At length their lines were pierced. Their retreat turned into a rout, and they were pursued to their entrenchments. A swift investiture of Chippenham brought Guthrum to sue for peace on Alfred's terms. Alfred demanded only that they would give sureties to depart in peace.



This was sworn to, and Guthrum declared his desire to receive Baptism, with Alfred as his sponsor.

Thus was the Treaty of Wedmore concluded, cemented by the real friendship that sprang up between Alfred and his godson. Guthrum proved his sincerity by keeping his pledge, while Alfred sent his former enemies away laden with gifts. Henceforth the Danes were to reside in those districts designated as Danelagh where they were to be governed by their own officers and laws, subject to the supremacy of the West Saxon King.

NOW ALFRED set about the work of reconstruction. Not satisfied with repairing the material damage to cities, churches and monasteries, the King strove to restore the ancient learning that flourished before the dark night of barbarism descended on the land. He supported scholars like Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, John Scotus Eri-

gena, and Asser, as the highest representatives of the Church, and preferred to civil offices the best men available. Distressed that religious vocations had declined during the wars, he founded an abbey at Athelney for monks, and another at Shaftesbury for nuns, in which community his daughter Elgiva became Abbess. The service of nobles and men-at-arms was regulated with an eye to fair distribution of duties and remunerations. Finally, he established a system of education for the children of all free men, including his own. That all of his sons and daughters were devout and exemplary students is testimony of his zealous care of their instruction.

In spite of ill health and the multitude of his tasks, Alfred was indefatigable. He began each day by hearing Mass; he attended as many Offices as possible and recited the entire Psalter. "And by night, too, he was wont to haunt the churches, unbeknown to all his folk."

KING ALFRED found time to translate and paraphrase such classics as Bede's Ecclesiastical History, the Consolations of Boethius and extracts from St. Augustine. He maintained a close correspondence with the Holy See, receiving many blessings and gifts of relics from the Pontiffs.

In view of his heavy labors, it is not surprising that in 901 he died, worn out at the comparatively early age of fifty. The marvel is that under such circumstances he achieved so much of enduring value and left to his worthy son and successor a land literally snatched from engulfing paganism, a proud country already marked in the civilized world for tranquility and order.

In critical times when the cause of Christianity and culture hung in perilous balance, a handful of men and women have arisen who by the strength and purity of their own moral character have stemmed the floodtide of destructive forces and raised a barrier against them. Of this number was Alfred, of whom the monk historian Simeon of Uurham would write: "There sprang up a light out of darkness."

ACTION ON THE PARISH FRONT

A Monthly Series on Holy Name Organization

by F. A. M.

For the past two years through these columns you and I have eavesdropped on the program planning sessions of St. Bede's Holy Name Society officers. Our purpose was to secure some practical training in the inner workings of a parish Holy Name Society. Now that we have our basic training, we shall endeavor each month to present in these columns program suggestions that can be utilized in any parish Holy Name Society. We shall present these suggestions and ideas in a general way, presuming that parish officers will apply them to local situations.

Advance Planning for 1952-1953

Experience has taught us that any group of Holy Name officers who desire to promote successfully the Holy Name Society in their parish will begin their administration by sitting down to what can be called an *advance planning* session. Since all the officers are elected in either May or June and since immediately after elections the presidents make their committee appointments, it is suggested that a meeting of all officers and committee chairmen be called no later than the middle of June. The purpose of this meeting is to determine the status of the Holy Name Society in a particular parish and to set up goals which the officers desire to accomplish during their administration. The responsibilities of each office must be outlined and the general purpose of the organization must be clearly presented to the entire group of officers. With all officers clearly understanding where they are going, the next question for

discussion, of course, is how are they going to get there. This brings into focus the development of a program of activities for the entire year which, when brought to a successful completion, will spell success for the Society. Careful advance planning also demands that an Officers' Meeting be held each month a few weeks prior to Holy Name Sunday to develop in detail the individual program for that month. At this first general meeting the officers and committee chairmen should promise to the best of their ability to attend each and every one of these monthly meetings.

Practical Programming

Since one of the first tasks of your newly elected group of officers is to prepare a composite program for the new activities year, may we suggest that each parish secure a sufficient number of programming pamphlets entitled, "Practical Programming for Holy Name Officers," from the National Headquarters of the Holy Name Society, in New York. Each officer and committee chairman ought to be presented with one of these booklets prior to this first general meeting.

At the meeting and throughout the entire year this booklet should become the programming bible for the officers.

1952-1953 Proposed Program

The activities year of the Holy Name Society is generally agreed upon to extend from September to June. The months of July and August are regarded as vacation months during which period planning for the coming activities year takes place. As a guide,

therefore, to officers who during the months of July and August shall be preparing next year's program, may we present in outline form a complete program for the 1952-1953 activities year. It should be understood, however, that each month in these columns we shall present in detail suggestions for the carrying out of this program outline.

September—Fathers and Daughters Month. Communion Intention: "The Sanctity of the Home."

October—Membership Month; Past Officers' Month. Communion Intention: "The Conversion of Russia."

November—All Souls' Month; Memorial Month. Communion Intention: "The Repose of the Souls of Departed Members."

December—Local Ordinary Month. Spiritual Bouquet of Communions for the Ordinary of the Archdiocese or Diocese. Program Theme, "Christmas, the Birthday of Christ." Communion Intention: "Our Beloved Ordinary."

January—Patronal Feast Month; The Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus. Special Activity, Patronal Feast Rally. Communion Intention: "The Blessing of God Upon the Holy Name Movement."

February—Catholic Press Month; Patriotic Month. Program Theme, "Patriotism for God and Country." Communion Intention: "Officials in Public Life."

March—Father and Son Month. Program Theme, "Family Leadership, Today and Tomorrow." Communion Intention: "My Dad," "My Son."

April—Spiritual Directors' Month. Spiritual Bouquet of Communions for

your parish spiritual director. Holy Thursday Vigil Program. Appointment of Nominating Committee. Communion Intention: "Our Spiritual Director."

May — Mothers' Month. Spiritual Bouquet of Communions for all mothers. Election of Officers. Communion Intention: "My Mother."

June — Catholic Education Month. Installation of Officers. Communion Intention: "Religious Vocations."

September Program

The Communion Sunday in September is the opening gun of the activities year and of your administration as an officer. The program for this first month of the activities year will set the pace for the entire year. Your membership will undoubtedly judge your performance in advance by this opening salute. Careful planning, therefore, must be exercised in developing a program that will sell the Society to the members and keep them sold throughout the year. Since it is always difficult to regain the enthusiasm and interest of men after a summer layoff, your program obviously must provide a special attraction. A typical September program that will provide for all these wants is a Father and Daughter Day celebration.

Father and Daughter Day

This program calls for a joint Corporate Communion Mass for the fathers and daughters of the parish. Holy Name members are asked to attend the Holy Name Mass with their daughters. All the daughters of the parish are invited to attend, and those girls whose fathers are unable to attend or whose fathers are deceased are assigned to members who have no daughters. The pastor is requested to announce this special father and daughter event from the pulpit a few Sundays in advance of your September Communion Sunday. A mailed notice or post card is recommended for notifying all the men of the parish on the Monday preceding the Holy Name Sunday. It is further suggested that

this notice go beyond your own membership mailing list and be sent to all families of the parish. An invitation should also be extended to the daughters through the officers of your parish Young Ladies Sodality.

All the fathers and daughters are asked to assemble at the school hall or outside of church so that a procession into church can be arranged. While the daughters can occupy one side of the center aisle and the fathers the other, it is suggested that fathers and daughters occupy seats next to one another.

Communion Intention

The Communion Intention recommended for the month of September is "The Sanctity of the Home." The men and their daughters are asked to remember this intention in their prayers at Holy Communion.

At the Meeting

In discussing a Holy Name meeting at this time of the year we should like to recommend to all branches the use of the breakfast meeting plan. Experience in most parts of the country indicates that *the most successful Holy Name meeting is the one held immediately after the Communion Mass*. Serving breakfast to the men and following that breakfast with the brief business meeting of the Society brings about a larger turnout at the meetings and enables the officers to plan a much more interesting meeting. If you have never tried breakfast meetings heretofore, may we suggest you plan now to conduct them during the next activities year. Why not set up a breakfast meeting at least for September, as a tryout for this new plan of action? If it is impossible to conduct breakfast meetings, the suggestions for the meeting contained herein can be utilized for an evening meeting.

It is obvious that the regular order of business must prevail at all meetings of the Society, regardless of special guests or special programs. At this opening meeting of the year, announce the full year's program you have planned so that your membership

realizes that a lot of thought has been put into working out a program in advance and that their attendance will be worthwhile. In September the daughters should be invited to attend the meeting with their fathers. An opportunity is given you here to sell the daughters on your organization. Remember, if you do this you will develop salesmen for your organization for today and for the future. Arrange for an appropriate speaker for the meeting—one with a message of equal importance to fathers and daughters alike.

Turn the entertainment feature of the meeting over to the daughters. You'll find that there are many young ladies in your parish who can render suitable entertainment numbers. An added feature to stimulate interest would be the presentation of a small attendance prize to the father with the largest number of daughters present. May we recommend that if you are conducting a breakfast meeting you decorate the tables with a little more finesse than usual, since your guests of honor will be the young ladies of the parish. If your choice is an evening meeting, then may we suggest that you serve daintier refreshments than is your usual fare. Remember that this program is your opening gun. It must become an attendance builder for the future. Plan as though this were the only event of the year.

Goodbye — Until September

According to the program schedule presented above, October is designated as Membership Month and Past Officers' Month. In the September issue of the *Holy Name Journal* we shall discuss for you this program in detail, so that you can receive suggestions and ideas to help you work out your October program.

Wishing everyone a very happy vacation and hoping all new officers will get underway to plan a successful new activities year, we say so long until September, when we shall greet you again in the next issue of the *Holy Name Journal*.

the current scene

frank j. ford

U. S. Influence Waning

After an intensive tour of the Middle East and Africa, foreign correspondent Ernie Hill is convinced that the United States is rapidly losing friends in those areas. "An entirely new approach to the problem of helping this part of the world withstand Soviet infiltration and agitation is essential if America is to continue masterminding the campaign against world communism," insists Hill. "The trouble is that NATO, the mutual security program and economic aid were tailored for Europe and do not fit the situation in the Middle East and Africa. They are built for countries whose primary concern is to stop Russian aggression through mutual security and a strong economy.

"Stopping Russian expansion is *not* the first concern of the Middle East and Africa. They have problems they consider more important than the Soviet Union. They want:

"Complete freedom from European colonialism—economic independence—settlement of the Israeli situation, with most of the 800,000 Arab refugees permitted to return to what used to be Palestine. The feelings of the majority are best summed up in the words of a wise old Arab leader, who told me: 'The United States and its military allies are like a lot of home owners who live at the foot of a great mountain. They fear a landslide, so they have banded together to try and stop this avalanche. They have a common problem. They are combined against communism. But we of the Middle East and Asia live away from them, down by the river. We are more concerned about floods from that river than we are about the avalanche. *The river seems to us a more immediate problem—the problem of colonial-*

ism, economic freedom and the Israeli situation. So when you come to us and ask that we try to stop the avalanche we suggest that you first help us put up dikes against the floods. You see, these are two different problems. You say yours is more important, and we say ours is more important—at least to us."

Our Pals

Commenting on the President's message in support of the 7.9 billion dollar foreign aid bill, the *Chicago Tribune* notes, "Mr. Truman had some kind words for Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia. Tito is a Moscow-trained Communist who fell out with Stalin over who was to be boss of Yugoslavia. Tito thought that Stalin should confine himself to Russia, while he, Tito, ran the show in the smaller tent.

"Yugoslavia remains a communist dictatorship, but for some reason our great brains in Washington have a great love for Tito and lavish large sums of money upon him, as well as his military equipment. The President said in his speech that Tito's Yugoslavia 'is giving heart to untold millions behind the iron curtain.'

"The President spoke only a few days after it had been announced in Belgrade that the Yugoslav Communist party was engaged in a full scale campaign to extirpate western ideas. Part of this activity is designed to rid the press and the universities of what are called 'western middle class ideas.' The courts are also being overhauled to get rid of any judges who let considerations of justice prevail over communist ideology.

"The United Nations subcommittee on freedom of information heard the statement from the American spokesman, Carroll Binder, that 'twilight and even darkness' was descending on news

sources in ever greater areas of the world. He said that the U.N.'s proposed code of ethics for newspapermen was intended to turn them into propagandists, which seems to be the idea in Yugoslavia, right enough.

"Mr. Truman may think that Yugoslav hostility to the west and to freedom of information and inquiry should 'give heart' to people back of the iron curtain. *It certainly ought to give heart to Stalin and his friends.* Why any American should rejoice in that is a mystery."

Of Ships And Such

"After reading about Oilboat Olga," ruminates Herb Graffis of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, "I have about given up hope of peace in our time. When the beautiful blondes learn there is big money to be made in war, there's going to be more war. They are smart traders, with a keen eye and a lightning reach for a fast buck. 'I am not interested in from where the money comes, but it interests me when it is coming,' Mrs. Magnus Konow said to the senators when she was giving testimony that was making her famous as Oilboat Olga. The possibility—or probability—that Oilboat's deals are factors in building Red China's machinery for murdering American kids didn't occur to the beautiful blonde.

"I don't mind having the seven seas all cluttered up with oilboats jointly owned by beautiful blondes, Washington sharpies, Chinese warlords and certain educational institutions; but what really scares me is another effect that Oilboat Olga is going to have on other beautiful blondes whose primary interest is also profit. The report on Oilboat Olga tells of the beautiful blonde talking in a Marlene Dietrich Hungarian accent. Are we now going to have to listen to beautiful blondes who are on the trail

of the big roll switch from the night-blooming you-all parois of the deah ol' home down in Dixie to the 'nevaire' and 'zees for you' and 'zat for you' dialect? If so, I step aside. I served my time when the beautiful blondes were learning the you-all routine.

"But, do you know," winds up Graf-fis, "I just happened to think that Mr. Oilboat Magnus Konow might be 6 feet 5 inches tall, weigh 250, and have a couple of fists like anchors? As I was saying, my interest in Oilboat Olga is entirely because of my intense concern with international affairs."

Color Madness

Columnist Sydney recalls that Henry Ford used to say grimly that he'd make his cars in any color as long as it was black. "That," ruminates Harris sadly, "was many years ago, as I realized when I visited New York's auto show at the Waldorf recently. Chrysler was displaying a natty job in *Pink Gold two-tone*. A Dodge was decorated in *Coral Rust*. A Plymouth was enveloped in *Copper Mist*. And so on down the line.

"My quarrel," explains Harris, "isn't with the desire for gay and gaudy automobiles, but with the bewildering system of nomenclature. To the plain mind of a man, there are only a half dozen or so colors, all distinctly labeled, with no nonsense or compromise about them. But the insidious world of fashion has crept into our everyday life, and we are no longer presented with a choice of red, blue, green or yellow. Everything we buy today has a special shade. Now I ask you: How in heaven's name is a man to know cobalt from cinnamon, or puce from dusty rose? And these are relatively simple hues—some of the madeup names like *Twilight Jasmine* exist purely in the designer's perfervid imagination.

"For instance, practically nothing is *yellow* any more. That would be too obvious, and you can apparently charge more for an item that's chicly labeled *mustard* or *canary* or *ochre* or *cadmium*. If they limited these arch appellations to feminine products, there could be no objection, since a woman likes to feel

she is getting a shade made up especially to suit her pigmentation. But, as I say, the man's domain has been rudely invaded by this spectroscopic nightmare. And I want all and sundry to know that the last thing in the world I want is to be forced to choose a pair of pajamas from a selection that includes *Sea-Mist*, *Azure Dawn*, *Mediterranean*, *Cornflower* and *Speckled Starlight*. What ever happened to true blue, anyway?"

All But Spain In NATO

Richard Wolf of Elmhurst, Ill., is increasingly irked by the accusation in numerous journals that Spain, Portugal, and Italy are outstanding examples among countries which practice religious repression. "Not only is this untrue," declares Mr. Wolf, "but I have wondered why none of these mediums of supposedly reliable public information have not had the decency to point out that Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Denmark's possession, Greenland, are by no means clear of that selfsame charge. In Greenland, as well as the other three countries, the established church is the Lutheran church. In Greenland no Catholic missionary is allowed to work among the Greenlanders, nor are the Greenlanders allowed to come to the only Catholic priest on the islands. This priest is the chaplain stationed at the army base located there.

"In Sweden, no Catholic couple may be married until their banns are announced from the pulpit of the Lutheran church. No citizen may become a Catholic until his name is read from the pulpit of the Lutheran church.

"Undoubtedly, one of the reasons that so many people accept the idea that Spain, Portugal, and Italy have no religious freedom is that these three countries have an overwhelmingly Catholic population. But the fact still remains that these countries definitely have religious freedom. If it is true that there are relatively few Protestant sects there, it is not because they are barred by terrorism or intolerance, but because the people have remained firm in their loyalty to the Catholic faith. They simply prefer to be Catholics. And who is

there to say that there is anything wrong with that?"

New Greeting In The Capital

According to Chesrow T. Pendleton, self-styled "Poet Laureate" of River's Edge, Iowa, the current salutation when old cronies meet on the streets of Washington, runs something like this:

"The greeting now in Washington is not Hello or How-de-do?

They don't ask, 'Are you having fun,' or if conditions make you blue.

They don't inquire about your folks, or if you're making any dough; or if you heard the latest jokes about a certain so and so.

They wait till nobody is near, and while you wish you hadn't met,

They whisper hoarsely in your ear, 'Were YOU investigated yet?'

Cut This Out, He Says

The weakness of politicians running for office for affecting the fads and foibles of every area they visit, comes in for a hefty swat from columnist Robert C. Ruark, who observes that "Nobody knows what deep-laid desire to appear in outlandish haberdashery gnaws at the secret heart of the politicians, but sometimes I wonder whether most of them didn't spend their childhood rainy Sundays dressing up in Aunt Hannah's discarded millinery. Show a politician a hat—any old hat—and he must wear it.

"It has long been a favorite suspicion that there is no real need for politicians to dress themselves audaciously to attract attention as one of the home folks. I have hidden quivering under the sofa from the beach-caps Mr. Truman affects when he is solving the world's ills at Key West. Sure I know the constituents like 'em folksy and close to the earth-eathy, but costumery is not the answer. There are many farmers who do not chew straw or wear overalls on Sunday, as there are hired men who are not named Hiram.

"It may be just possible to run this campaign without turning it into a costume barn party . . ."

SIDELINES

with Dick Stedler

Lessons From A Schoolboy

Schoolboy Rowe, at this writing emergency manager of the Buffalo Bisons International League Baseball Club while regular manager Jack Tighe is recovering from an appendectomy, was a staunch idol of the great Ty Cobb. But after he read what Ty wrote about modern ballplayers, he tossed the magazine to the floor.

Cy Kritzer, veteran Buffalo scribe, witnessed the Schoolboy's action. Being a trigger nosehawk, Kritzer sensed a story in the making and got Rowe to talk.

"Ty was all through when I started in 1933," began the Schoolboy, "But he always was my hero until now. Shucks, Cobb shows what he doesn't know about modern baseball. He writes about the tricks old pitchers used to pull.

"The pitchers of today and of my generation (1933 to 1946) know far more. And they have to be a heck of a lot cuter about it to cheat now.

"I knew a pitcher who worked both in the American and National Leagues," said Rowe, "who could throw all the stuff that Cobb writes about as being foreign to modern baseball. That's why this pitcher lasted so long.

"He was throwing spitters and emery balls, knucklers and shine-balls for a half dozen years," chuckled the Schoolboy, "and the umpires never caught him."

"I shouldn't be telling this fellow's secrets," Rowe confided to Kritzer, "but I will because . . . well, just to show Cobb that there are a lot of things about baseball he never heard of."

Turning his long, lean left arm over, he pointed to a spot above the wrist. Kritzer watched intently.

"You put some olive oil on that spot, about the size of a silver dollar," Rowe explained. "After you start perspiring, the sweat will collect around that spot. No umpire ever can catch a pitcher when he puts the tips of his finger on that spot and collects enough moisture to throw a spitball.

"I know a darn good spitter put five years on a pitcher's life and one



"He got the idea from the Bazooka!"

year he won 16 games with a second-division team like the Philadelphia Phillies.

"I ain't saying who that pitcher was," warned the Schoolboy, who won 16 games for the Phillies in the twilight of his career. "But he had some confederates help him throw some other trick pitches the umpires never detected.

"One season this washed-up pitcher bought two long sheets of heavy sandpaper. He cut them up into small pieces that fit snugly into a man's hand. The Phillies' coach used to put a piece in his hand before each game.

"Before each inning the coach would walk across the field like all coaches do, pick up the ball and rub it once or twice before handing it to the pitcher.

"The sandpaper left a rough spot about the size of a quarter. You know if you held the ball with that spot on

the left side, it would break to the right going through the strike zone. And vice versa."

"When I was with Detroit," Rowe told Kritzer, "we had a catcher I'll call the Bird-Cage. He won many a game with his glove by filing the three little metal eyelets as sharp as a razor. These are at the side of a catcher's mit below the pocket. When a pitcher would get in a jam, the Bird-Cage would nick the ball near the seam with those sharp eyelets.

"Man but you could get a wonderful sailer with a nick near the seam," Rowe recalled.

"The Bird-Cage had another trick he saved for a tough pinch. Before a certain dugout in the American League, the ground is covered with a heavy fine dust made from grinding up old bricks. You know what happens if you rub some of that stuff on the ball. The Bird-Cage used to put some of that dust in the pocket of his glove before the inning.

"Firpo Marberry, the great relief pitcher, taught me one that fooled a lot of hitters," Schoolboy related. "When you are pitching you bring your arms straight up past your head and knock your cap off just before throwing the ball. It distracts the attention of the batter just long enough so you can fog your fast one past him.

"One day I'm pitching in the rain against Paul Derringer in Cincinnati," Rowe informed Kritzer. "I noticed that Paul wasn't toeing the rubber. He puts his right heel on it and pitches that way. But without a pivot. Instead he took a stride forward about a foot and a half.

"Well, I did likewise and we went scoreless for seven innings until rain stopped the game. Your fast ball really has something on it from 58

feet away instead of 60. It was easy in night games to get away with that extra foot.

"So Cobb says we don't play it like the old-timers, did, eh?" smiled the Schoolboy. "I wonder if he ever heard of this one. . . . The third baseman throws the ball into the dirt in returning it to the pitcher, who gets his feet mixed up and steps on it—right on the seam with his sharp spikes.

"I've seen pitchers cut a seam in two. . . . And then strike out the next two men before the umpire got wise. Sure, they still know all the tricks today. . . . But they're much cuter how they pull them."

Among Diamond Souvenirs

One of the country's leading sports souvenir salesmen comes up with some very interesting information.

He points out that in recent years the Joe DiMaggio miniature was the most popular, but a new champion in statuettes is expected this season. Figurines with year-around popularity find the Kill-the-Umpire set first in demand. This consists of two ballplayers standing menacingly near an unconcerned arbiter. Another best-seller is the basketball tableau which has a player about to toss an opponent's head toward the hoop. Wrestlers and bowlers also are among the top favorites.

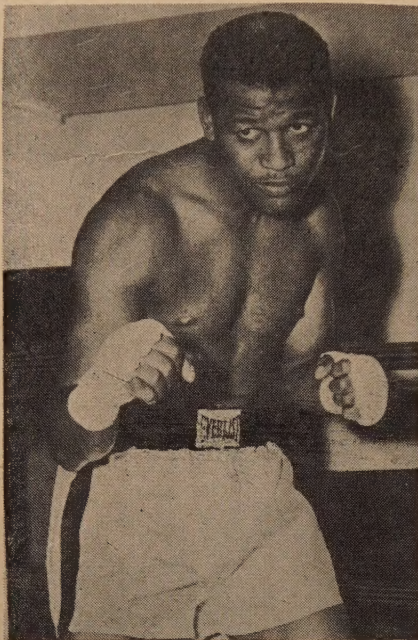
Our informant discloses ballplayers and umpires are good customers during the season. He also reveals that in mail order business, there are five women buyers for every man.

Sports Merry-Go-Round

Sugar Ray Robinson, who will seek his third boxing title when he tries to wrest the light heavyweight crown from Champion Joey Maxim this month, is a gin rummy devotee. His record marathon gin game with his physician, Dr. Vincent Nardiello, has extended through Europe, as well as through the numerous Robinson training camps in New York, New Jersey, California and Chicago. And the good doctor is way out front, according to the most recent tally.

Frank Hiller, one of the better performers on the Cincinnati Reds mound staff, says that prayer on the ballfield has helped him in his pitching career. He says he even prays for the umps and the opposing team.

Columnist E. V. Durling says many jockeys wear St. Christopher medals.



SUGAR RAY
Gin rummy contests too

In pointing out that St. Christopher is the patron saint of travelers, he suggests jockeys should wear Santiago medals. Santiago, he contends, is the patron saint of horsemen, but that is an unknown saint, so far as we know.

If Sugar Ray Robinson succeeds in winning the light heavyweight title, he'll be emulating two other famous fighters. Henry Armstrong (Ray's idol) and Bob Fitzsimmons are the only two boxers in ring history to win three titles.

Mention of Fitzsimmons brings to mind the fact that Tom Sharkey, another oldtime heavyweight, spends his Sunday morning taking up the collection in a San Francisco Catholic Church.

George A. Obenauer, new president of the American Bowling Congress, has a perfect auto license number. That's right, it's "300." Back in 1921,

he bowled his first and only 300 game.

Favorite wish of Jimmy Leahy, five-year-old son of the famous Notre Dame football coach, is a gem. "I wish the whole world would pop up to heaven!" he says.

A recent wire story claimed the Cleveland Indians have the best starting hurlers in the majors, naming Bob Lemon, Bob Feller, Early Wynn and Mike Garcia. We'll still string along with the New York Giants—Sal Maglie, Larry Jansen, Jim Hearn and Dave Koslo.

Sudden Thought: maybe those Yanks will win the American League pennant yet—in Washington uniforms!

About Football's Ills

Quarterback Don Leahy, who completed 127 of 232 passes (12 for touchdowns) for Marquette University last year, wrote an article in the school's magazine — The Marquette Journal—which may be of interest to football fans everywhere.

Leahy, the nation's No. 2 forward passer in 1951, minced no words in blaming the fans and over-zealous alumni for being partially responsible for the current over-emphasis in college football.

He pointed out that "every single individual who cries for the scalp of the coach with a losing record is just as guilty of over-emphasis as are those in charge of questionable athletic programs."

"Too many people have forgotten that a defeat must accompany every victory," Leahy explained. "All teams can't possess winning records, but only a handful of loyal supporters will accept such logic."

Leahy also criticized those who advocate the abolition of all bowl games and football spring drills. He favored the report of the Athletic Committee of the American Council on Education, even though he admitted it possessed a few shortcomings.

All of which goes to show that Don Leahy learned more than just how to toss a football with deadly accuracy at Marquette.

"THINGS THAT ARE TO THY PEACE"

(Continued from page 5.)

drapery of self-righteousness or self-justification and expose the infected area of the soul to God's healing instrument.

Unlike the procedure with a medical doctor, here it will not do to administer anaesthetic to deaden the pain. The pain is a part of the healing in spiritual surgery like the Sacrament of Penance. And there's no point to casting about in a sea of idle subterfuges or protesting, "I cannot reveal my private affairs to a mere man," or "I'll be content to confess my sins to God." You are not addressing a mere man in the confessional, but a father, judge and physician, a *professional* representative of God whose professional silence on proper case matter knows no instance of violation in history. And for the rest, with the decree of the Incarnation, God decided once for all that the salvation of man, justification and forgiveness of sins, should come through man as instrument.

Another thing the priest will be looking for is sorrow for sins. This sorrow must be sincere, supernatural and supreme. Sorrow is supreme when it detests sin above all else and as the greatest evil. It is supernatural when arising from supernatural motives. To hate sin simply as opposed to right reason or decent conduct in refined society would be purely natural, but to hate it as an offense against God and as opposed to His goodness and justice would be an example of supernatural sorrow. Sincerity means that the regret comes from the will as opposed to sheer sentiment, which is a matter of emotions. If these three qualities are not verified, there can be no forgiveness of sin in the Sacrament of Penance.

RELATIVE TO SINCERITY, it may help to be a little more explicit. Such experiences as tears, heartburns, lumps in the throat or goose pimples may accompany sincere sorrow, but they are neither necessary nor sufficient substitutes for it.

Sincere sorrow is an act of a properly rational faculty, the free will, detesting sin under the impulse of grace and resolving to sin no more. The emotional phenomena mentioned above come from our sense appetites and are mere frills on the white garment of true repentance. The matter can be illustrated by an episode from the book, *The World, The Flesh and Father Smith*. Father Smith went to the deathbed of an old sailor who had sailed the Seven Seas and done a lot of other things besides. When the sailor had passed the punch lines of his confession, Father Smith asked if he was sorry for these things. No, he said, not at least for those gay nights in Singapore, etc. Father Smith, at his wits end, said, "Are you sorry that you are not sorry for these things?" The old sailor said, yes, he was sorry that he was not sorry. The priest absolved him, knowing that absence of emotional sorrow is compatible with sincere contrition of the will.

IN THE QUALITY of contrition required for the Sacrament, God's generosity puts our niggardliness to shame. Perfect contrition, or sorrow for sin conceived according to its true malice as an offense against God and as separating us from His friendship, He does not demand. But attrition, or imperfect contrition which detests sin out of fear of hell as being God's just punishment for it, suffices in the Sacrament of Penance. If God could permit us to see the full malice of sin only transiently, we would surely drop dead of fright. And He does not want this, but is satisfied with attrition.

This aspect of sorrow can be illustrated by the case of a priest who, after fruitless hours of effort to soften the impenitence of a patient, bluntly told the man of his condition. "You are apt to die any minute. It's the doctor's diagnosis that you are apt to drop dead any minute." Then, the cloak of self-assurance began to fall away from the man like autumn's withered leaves. But this was only the fear of death, and the man still balked, saying: "I would be a hypo-

crite, after my years of public sin and scandal, to go to confession now that I'm at the end of the road."

The priest, knowing the fear of death is good when it leads on to fear of hell as God's just punishment for sin, would not leave the vineyard emptyhanded now. "Do you recall," he said, "how Jesus died for all men's sins between two thieves? One reviled Him, daring Him to come down from the Cross and save them if He could. The other confessed his guilt and asked Jesus, 'Lord, remember me, when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom.' Jesus replied: 'This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise.' Which of these robbers was a hypocrite? The one who challenged God's power and mercy, prejudging them as inadequate for his case? Or, the one who asked God's mercy and received it according to the divine promise in that split second before he died?"

"I see," said the man, "I want to go to confession, do penance and will mend my ways when I'm up and out again." He never was out again. But the fears of hell, the mercy and power of God in the Sacrament of Penance ran their course. The priest feels morally certain that man is in heaven today or will be someday, even though he was not permitted Christian burial.

But, it would be a gross miscarriage of purpose to suppose that this or any other account of the wonders of confession is meant primarily to encourage the stupidity and presumption of counting on deathbed repentance as the ordinary thing. The Sacrament of Penance is at its normal best in frequent use, when and wherever the needs of the penitent warrant it, with plenty of room left for doing penance for the sins remitted. That's why it is essential that the penitent be disposed to accept and perform the penance prescribed by the priest. Then only is the proper context, i.e., confession, contrition and purpose of amendment, fully placed for a fruitful exercise of the power of absolving. These various elements united in the Sacrament of Penance, pardon and peace infallibly come to men as often as they avail themselves of its blessings.

THE FAITH OF OUR TIME

(Continued from page 15.)

are the skeptical books of the 1920's? Where are the agnostic lecturers? The Robert Ingersolls, the Clarence Darrows? How does it happen that books about the religious life capture the imagination and win the affection of the best classes of readers throughout the Nation? How does it come about that our greatest weekly national magazine sounds on its editorial page as if its thoughts had been edited by St. Thomas Aquinas? I say it comes about for the very reason I have been speaking of. We have been frightened into doing some fine thinking about the most important things of life and death, and in the process of getting our thinking apparatus back in working order we have found a reawakening of faith. Certainly nowhere, no time, has the Catholic Church so prospered without benefit of political sanctions or sponsorship, under no impetus other than the mental and moral conviction that she carries here and now in these United States.

So the faith is really on the march again and you can easily notice one important thing that it has never had before. It is the faith of people who have been exposed to rationalism—of people whose minds have studied the secrets of the universe and the possibilities of more secrets still undiscovered, and have come to realize that everything in all that boundless area of thought simply led them back to the God whom their ancestors accepted by revelation centuries ago.

It seems to me a good thing that we should all have had to go through this mill. Some poet is said to have wished that he had the simple faith of a Breton peasant woman. It was a good wish, but I am not sure that I would prefer to have it rather than the faith of a mind which has wandered astray and found itself again. I think that there are some elements of strength in this faith that the Breton peasant woman's faith never had. I think that this faith would be capable of getting over some stresses

and strains that might be too much for the Breton peasant. In the return of the prodigal mind you have some of the drama of the parable of the prodigal son. It was not without cause that the father was made out as being especially happy when the prodigal son came home. We may suppose that the son

A FATHER'S PRAYER

Great God of goodness and of love!

Oh, hear a Father's plea:
Protect and bless my soldier-son,
Take care of him for me;
If he must battle, help him fight
For God, for country, and the right.

Should he feel blue, or sick of heart,

Discouraged, or oppressed,
Brace up his will to carry on
And in Thy friendship rest,
To carry on and bravely fight
For God, for country, and the right.

Show unto him a father's love,
Give him a mother's care;
Grant comfort to his lonely heart

And keep from him despair,
If he should fall when he shall fight
For God, for country, and the right.

—FRANCIS PATRICK

was ever after pretty strong against the temptation to stray again.

THAT IS WHAT I CALL "the faith of our time." It is the faith of the mind that strayed and found itself again. It is the faith of the prodigal soul. It was a good thing to have been scared out of our wits. The atomic bomb has been a sort of Alcoholics Anonymous for a world mentally drunk.

Thank God we have not been without some special helps. We have a generous Father who is never slow to give us a lift along the right path. Is it not curious that some visions which took place thirty-five years ago at Fátima in Portugal should have been proved by a spectacle so well designed to overcome the doubters of that day? How could the doubts of 1917 be more powerfully overcome than by having a pouring rain stop in an instant over a wide space of open ground, followed by the sun whirling and falling out of the sky? And is it not appropriate, too, that the fame of those visions should be spread throughout the world just at the present time, when they are so effective in helping the world's new willingness to believe? No one could have been in Rome in 1950, as I was, without feeling something entirely new in the air. In those tremendous, never-ending crowds of devout and eager Catholics, and of non-Catholics, curious, inquiring, and well disposed, you could see, in various stages of development, a calm and happy assurance that our faith rides strongly above all disturbances in the world of men or in the universe of matter. Even Communist chaos and hydrogen bombs do not disturb the serenity of the soul whose gaze is fixed on the Almighty and Eternal.

The faith of our time is proof, as I firmly believe, against the temptation to doubt which the discoveries of natural science once had the power to create, and which they might still create had we not already been down into the valley of doubt and back. It is proof against the temptation to fear, which the stupidity of some men and the malice of others might have been able to create, had we not already been to the wars twice within 30 years, and come home with a far deeper sense of God's providence than we had when the bugles first started to blow.

But we are not alone and we shall not want and we need not fear—we need not fear anything except His justice. For He is within the atoms and around the galaxies.

That is the faith of our time.